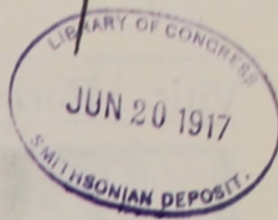


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NOTES BY THE WAY.

An interesting judgment was that given in the House of Lords recently whereby it was decided that a gift of the residue of his estate by Mr. Charles Bowman, of Ventnor, Isle of Wight, to the Secular Society (Ltd.), was valid. The heir-at-law and the next of kin of the testator contested the validity of the gift on the ground that the Company was constituted for illegal purposes, namely, the subversion of the Christian and all other religions. Mr. Justice Joyce decided in favour of the Secular Society, and the Appeal Court affirmed his decision. The majority of the House of Lords upheld these judgments. Amongst other important expressions of opinion by the law lords, Lord Sumner's view is worth quoting. He said that with all respect for the great names of the lawyers who had used it, the phrase "Christianity is part of the law of England" was really not law, but rhetoric. "Thou shalt not steal" was part of our law. "Thou shalt not commit adultery" was part of our law. But another part, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," was not part of our law at all. Christianity had tolerated chattel slavery; not so the present law of England. The judgment and the views expressed will be of interest to many persons outside the particular Society concerned. Our friend Dr. Powell has more than once referred to the phrase "Christianity is part of the law of England" in his addresses, when dealing with the Vagrancy and Witchcraft Acts. He has pointed out how utterly fatuous the dictum is, seeing that the Legislature has stamped Christ and St. Paul as a pair of rogues and vagabonds. So far as the dictum itself is concerned, however, we now have a pronouncement from one of the highest authorities. Those of the well-wishers of the London Spiritualist Alliance (Ltd.) who wish to benefit the Alliance by will can now rest secure that their bequests to it will be quite valid, for the Alliance is in the strong position that it is not only a corporate body able to acquire property by gift, but it exists in effect to uphold (rather than to subvert) Christianity by proving that the miraculous element in the Christian religion rests on a basis of scientific fact.

"Some Views Respecting a Future Life," by Samuel Waddington (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net), commends itself to us mainly because of the artistic quality of its printing and binding. Its importance as a contribution to a study of the subject with which it deals is relatively small. We are told of the views entertained on the question by Plato, Buddha, Huxley, Haeckel, Maeterlinck and a few score of other writers and thinkers, and the author adds some

peculiarly inconclusive conclusions of his own. But we get very little of Mr. Waddington and a great deal of the various writers upon whom he relies. He refers with approval to Sir E. Ray Lankester's suggestion concerning telepathy and a belief in ghosts being the outcome of cerebral disease; he is in agreement with Sir Hiram Maxim that the soul, the mind or the spiritual part, "like electricity, is only a condition of matter," and he tells us in another place, after a lengthy citation from the writings of Mr. A. Clutton Brock, that "it has always been my view, the main tenet of my religion, that in all things, and above all things, Truth and Truthfulness should be the objects of our worship." At intervals Mr. Waddington gives us quotations from his own poetry, but even these do not help us very much. He is struck with the great diversity of opinion on the possibility of a continuation of life after death. What we are astonished by is his ignorance of the fact that the question has long passed beyond the stage of opinion, that opinions are no longer of the slightest consequence, whether they emanate from the pulpit or the study. It is no more a question of "What do you think?" but "What do you know?" Mr. Waddington knows what other people have thought about it, and what he himself thinks. And that is all. If some of the views he sets forth are true, then the Christian Church is founded on a delusion, and the spiritual element in the New Testament has no better basis than cerebral disease. Fortunately Psychic Science exists to prove the essential truth of both. And that is not at all a question of Views but of Facts.

Although a formal review of Sir William Barrett's new book, "On the Threshold of the Unseen," has yet to appear in LIGHT, we cannot forbear making some quotations from the book, which fulfils one of the standards of good literature in being highly quotable. Here, for instance, is a passage that should be of value to those numerous readers of LIGHT who are only at the beginning of their investigations:—

Every Spiritualist knows the mischief of promiscuous sittings of ignorant people, and many feel as strongly as I do that paid professional mediums who have been convicted of fraud should be sedulously avoided. The best sittings I have had have been in full light; so with Sir W. Crookes' wonderful observations. In fact, Home, I believe, always refused to sit in the dark: and probably with any medium by patience and perseverance the light could be gradually increased without serious injury to the results and with enormous gain to the accuracy and precision of the observations.

Again, after remarking that confidence is not synonymous with credulity, our author says:—

It is the most experienced investigator who is the least credulous, and it is also unquestionably true that it is those psychical researchers who bristle with suspicion that have never been able to obtain conclusive evidence of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism. They are not abler or more critical investigators than Sir W. Crookes and other scientific men who have had overwhelming proofs, but they bring with them a psychical atmosphere that is as unfavourable to success as a damp atmosphere is to the working of a frictional or Holtz electrical machine.

THE UNION OF LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' ANNUAL CONVENTION.

(Continued from page 166.)

Mr. RICHARD BODDINGTON then read his paper. He commenced by remarking that it was the first time in the history of the Union that the President and his two vice-presidents found themselves on the same platform at one time. Perhaps at no time in human history had the peoples of this planet been called upon to make such momentous decisions, both individually and nationally, as during the past three years. Many conventional ideals and systems had gone by the board, and a new assessment of values had to be made. Even humanity's estimate of itself had in some measure to be revised. These years had witnessed a vitalising of the human consciousness in which self had taken self to task. In millions of young, generous souls selflessness had replaced selfishness. Both the nadir and the zenith of human conduct were being exhibited in the present conflict, and in each case by professed Christians. One of the natural consequences of the present state of things was that a more than merely curious interest was being taken in Spiritualism. People who never before had a serious thought concerning it were now hoping it was true. One great problem they, as Spiritualists, were faced with, was how their Spiritualism should be presented. They had, he felt, made it too cheap in the past—even allowing on their rostrums so-called clairvoyants and others who twelve months before knew nothing of the subject. One medium had been heard to give the same indefinite descriptions, absolutely identical, at six successive meetings. But much of the trouble he deplored in society work Mr. Boddington traced, not to the fact that some of their mediums were either undeveloped or fraudulent, but to the fixing of a date for the exhibition of their clairvoyant powers, when they had to appear whether they were in a properly psychic condition or not. He pleaded for the abolition of all sensational and theatrical elements in platform work, and suggested that a society should not accept members too easily. They should be made to pass through a period of probation as associates. The following passage from the paper is well worth quoting as showing the penetration and judgment with which Mr. Boddington envisaged his subject:—

One of the dangers of democracy is a tendency to a spurious sense of equality in which everyone is apt to regard himself as the equal of everybody else. So far as human beings are spiritual units that is undoubtedly true, but from the standpoint of the varying grades of character and ability there are such obvious differences between individuals that where pushful mediocrity gets its foot in, a distinct danger to progress is indicated. Let us not lose sight of the fact that the strength of Theosophy, Christian Science and other schools is due not so much to the novelty or value of their teachings as to the fact that people of culture and discernment will not work or worship with mental inefficiency in positions of authority. Therefore, in order to avoid the constant mortifications arising from congenial associations, they betake themselves to organised bodies where some idea of the fitness of things obtains.

It was not, Mr. Boddington pointed out, that these people thought themselves of finer clay than those whose company they left. It was that they had certain standards of dignity, refinement, reverence and educational efficiency, standards which were continually ignored by those small-minded, ignorant, bumptious and self-seeking persons who made the work of earnest and progressive Spiritualists a real and constant sacrifice.

He concluded with a strong adjuration that Spiritualists should add to their spiritual gifts the Gift of the Spirit, the inspiration that would make their movement a living thing—full of beauty and dignity, going from strength to strength.

At the close of his paper Mr. Boddington answered a number of questions from the audience, in which, and in the animated discussion later, Mrs. Wesley Adams, Mrs. Stair, Mrs. Cannock, Mrs. Jamrach, Miss Trimmer, Mr. Brown (of the Camberwell Society) and Mr. Connor took part. The most vigorous, if not the most important, part of the criticism which was evoked by the paper came from Alderman Davis, who

uttered a vehement protest in especial against the proposal that public phenomena should be abolished.

Mr. Boddington, in the course of his reply to the various comments made, reminded his friends that he had stated at the outset that his paper was not a literary production but rather a stimulative agenda. Alderman Davis had asked whether he was out to produce a new movement. His reply was that he was out to produce a Spiritualism that would demand and deserve respect. (Applause.) They made great claims and those who made great claims should be able to justify them by great evidences. Two of the greatest assets to Spiritualism were conduct and culture. As regards public phenomena, what he asked was that it should at least take place under conditions which gave both the medium and the spirit agencies a fair chance to produce something better than the paltry stuff which was given from many platforms Sunday after Sunday. He wanted to make mediumship a sacred power instead of a commercial one. (Applause.)

THE EVENING MEETING.

In the evening Mr. MEADS spoke on the subject of spirit identity—a matter which he regarded as of paramount importance, as if we did not feel secure on the question of the identity of the person with whom we were communicating the whole of our superstructure was in danger of falling to the ground. What with theories of reincarnation and of disincarnation "shells" of astral celebrities being seized upon and foisted on a credulous public, Spiritualism as a vital force and an expression of the immortality of love, Divine and human, seemed to him to be in danger of failure as an agent of good in the world. As honest men and women they must examine themselves. There was not an art or profession or trade in which a man could succeed without effort and patience. In every case it was necessary to learn and obey the laws that governed its practice. And yet Spiritualism, the most subtle thing we knew of—that which had to do with the spirit of man—was frequently treated in a manner which seemed to argue complete lack of common sense and judgment. A man absorbed in making money went to a professional medium and expected to receive wisdom and inspiration from the most enlightened spirits in return for a money payment. Spiritualists were themselves to blame in this matter. They ought to be fair to their mediums. A medium was a finely tuned instrument; coarse, materialistic blunderers should not be encouraged to come in and put that instrument out of tune. It was a fundamental law in mediumship that the aura of the sitter had to blend with the aura of the medium and that the spirit made use of the result. If the sitter's aura was contaminated with dishonesty or doubt or fear could we expect the result to be good? A glorious landscape appealed differently to different spectators according to their varied moods. It would strike one as a fine site for an hotel; another would regard it as a delightful spot on which to build himself a beautiful residence; a third would enjoy the exquisite combinations of colour and see in the varied features of the scene a parable of the life of man; a fourth would experience in its contemplation a feeling of awe as if he were touching the hem of the garment of God. On the principle that like attracts like, we could judge what kind of visitors from the other world would be drawn to these four types of men. To the first it would probably be the spirit of a money-maker; to the second, an individual who had lived in comfort and luxury; to the third, a painter or a poet; and was it unreasonable to expect that the fourth would attract one of those lofty spirits who might truly be called "sons of God"? If we would have our intercourse with the spirit world yield us of its best we must lay aside all sordid and worldly aims and take with us only that which was aspiring. Some people had a theory that it was easy for an undeveloped spirit to return, but difficult for one who was highly developed. But where did the difficulty come in? It really rested with ourselves. Where the kinship of love and sympathy existed there mutual communion might also exist. Once set in motion, love, that mightiest of all forces, could not fail of response. It could reach up to the highest saint and down to the lowest sinner, and both would respond if they had the opportunity and were acquainted with the

method. One of the greatest charms of Spiritualism lay in its variety: it was varied because we were varied, because we each attracted those spirit friends who were most akin to ourselves. Regarding mediumship as a high and holy gift, we should feel it to be our duty to protect and help mediums all we could. By our understanding sympathy, we would make things easier for them and aid them to keep their wonderful gift pure and clean, like a new coin fresh from the mint. Half the present trouble had come about because that coin, which should have been so bright, had become soiled and defaced.

Mrs. M. H. WALLIS, in the course of a short address, said Spiritualism had come to stay. It came to them vouched for by those who *knew*, because in the reality of the larger life they were sure of the facts they sought to demonstrate. Mediumship revealed the fact that in the next world there were multitudes not only able but eager to give their message, to proclaim something of what they knew. They often sought diligently for opportunities to voice what they had themselves proven and demonstrated. And on this side there were many questioners equally eager and ardent who were receiving through the channel of mediumship in some fashion the answer to their inquiry as to whether there was really another world. The recognition of this truth linked up into sympathy and union large numbers of people belonging to different churches or to no church. Of course, there were those who sought to forbid inquiry, and to restrain the growing desire to know whether life is continuous. These claimed that thought must be held in check, and that the average man and woman were not capable of judging certain questions properly, and must be under the control of authority, or they would be misled in their search for truth. "But," said the speaker, "we claim that if they are misled, it is because their minds have been dwarfed, because they have not been trained to face the truth and to follow it wheresoever it may lead." (Applause.) But those who took up the attitude of authority should be taught that the people they despised were quite capable of putting two and two together. There were intellectual Spiritualists, emotional Spiritualists, and materialistic Spiritualists. There were those who would use their Spiritualism for their own material advantage. But man was a complex being, and there were many degrees of evidence and varying methods of presentation of that truth which had for its central expression the fact that man survived the change of death and passed into another world by a law as natural as that by which he was born into this.

Concluding, Mrs. Wallis asked her hearers what Spiritualism had done for them? Had it swept from their minds the fear of death? Had it irradiated their lives and brightened their homes? Did they understand more clearly that they themselves were spirits and regard their bodies as temples of the living God? Were they making this world a better place to live in? Spiritualism had come to stay, but in what fashion was it to stay? What the method of its future expression? Let them at least prove their right to think, their right to interpret and their power to apply.

An impassioned speech followed from Alderman Davis. "This," he began, "is a Spiritualist Convention." He wished to remind his hearers of that fact and of what it meant. Quoting Paul's counsel to his Corinthian converts, "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith," he said that the word "faith" represented there a system of thought. The time had, in his view, arrived when Spiritualists should examine themselves and see whether they were in the faith. Spiritualism was distinguished from all other schools of thought by the fact that it was not built up by scholars and that it was not built on either tradition or speculation. The rain would descend and the floods come and if they built on the sand of tradition they would go down. He was not a pessimist, but he could not shut his eyes to the fact that the day of trial for Spiritualism as an organisation had arrived. He believed in criticism if it was honest and healthy, but he strongly objected to criticism by way of insinuation and misrepresentation. A trying time had come. "Don't suppose," exclaimed the speaker, "that it is the Bond-street people they are after. They are not after them—they are after you!" Recently

scientific men had been compelled to admit that at least there was something in the Spiritualist's position. Since those men had come forward, machinery had been put in motion. They had stirred up a nest of opponents who would do anything to prevent the progress of the cause in future. What were they, as Spiritualists, going to do? Were they going under? No; if there was anything in Spiritualism worth holding tight they must stand by it, whatever the consequences! (Applause.) He was not a candidate for prison, but if it was a matter of denying their principles and, in denying those principles, denying God, then it was better to face the fiery furnace. (Applause.) Another distinguishing mark in the school of thought of Spiritualism was that it was not born on this side of life. The world had drifted into materialism, and they believed that to bring it back to the fold, God had raised up modern Spiritualism to convince it that the grave was not its goal. Twelve months ago he had stood by the grave of his only sister, and he could not but note that the minister prayed for her husband, for himself (Mr. Davis)—for everybody, in fact, except for his sister. If, as they knew, at death the released spirit entered into a new and unfamiliar environment, surely it should not be denied our prayers. Mr. Davis wanted his hearers to remember that the whole fabric of Spiritualism depended on its phenomena. On this point he expressed himself very strongly, even going the length of declaring that the day they announced that phenomena would be taken from their platform he would go outside the movement. In conclusion, he wanted it to go forth from that Convention and from each one of the societies, that they were not afraid of prison bars or anything else. (Renewed applause.)

In the course of the evening, Miss Louie Watson sang two fine solos. The total collection taken on behalf of the funds of the Union at the three meetings was £11 3s. 9d.

A PSYCHIC HOSPITAL.

AN OLD SUGGESTION REVIVED.

Writing from Camberwell, J. M., an old reader of *LIGHT*, who is now lying on what he expects to be his deathbed, refers to a letter he contributed to our columns in May, 1900, supporting the suggestion of a correspondent, "An Anglican Clergyman," for the establishment of a psychic hospital, in which patients should be treated by magnetic healers. Our correspondent desires to revive the suggestion, and mentions the case of a man going to three ordinary hospitals without avail, and then curing himself by the aid of advice received from the unseen world. Several people supported the suggestion at the time, one of them, a nurse, proposing that a house should be taken, with public wards for poor patients and private accommodation for paying patients. Dr. Hector Waylen, of Mill Hill, took a great interest in the proposal, and an effort was made to provide funds, but we heard no more of the matter, although it was suggested that such a hospital would be a worthy memorial to that gifted woman, Emma Hardinge Britten, who passed away in October of the previous year. Perhaps the effort of a sick man to revive interest in the idea may bear better fruit.

THE LATE LADY STAPLEY.

In *LIGHT* of March 24th last appeared an obituary notice of Lady Stapley, who passed to the higher life in the early part of that month. Following it was an allegory, "The River of Death," taken from a little work published by her in 1902. We have now received a small memorial volume, "The River of Death and Other Allegories," containing some of the writings by which, as Sir Richard Stapley tells us in the Foreword, she was best known beyond her own immediate circle of friends. The book is prefaced by an elegiac poem by Mr. Cloudesley Brereton—a delightful ode inspired by the fragrant life of love and service on earth, which is Lady Stapley's best memorial. Then follows a series of apologues from her pen, told with simplicity, yet with a picturesque art and a flavour of deep wisdom. The allegory from which the book takes its title, and another, entitled "The Wheel and the Furnace," are amongst the best. A poem, "The Hidden Name," of high quality both of thought and diction, rounds off the contents of the little book, which is published by John M. Watkins (1s. net).

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THE LINES OF ADVANCE.

A SURVEY AND SOME REFLECTIONS.

The addresses and discussions at the Convention of the Union of London Spiritualists at South-place Institute on Thursday, the 17th ult., were, as will be seen, concerned with questions of principles and policy in connection with Spiritualism as an organised movement—with definite propagandist aims. Some of them were vital questions, and it is well that they should be thoroughly ventilated and discussed. In the meantime, however, it may be permissible to offer some remarks on the subject from our own standpoint.

It has long seemed to us that the followers of our movement may be divided broadly into two great parties—the organised and the unorganised. Those who are only familiar with its societies and groups have little idea of the great number of persons who, although they accept the facts of Spiritualism and follow with interest the career of the movement in its periodical literature, take no part in its propaganda work, and who, indeed, are in many cases generally opposed to the making of converts. We have heard this attitude hotly denounced many times, although experience has shown us that there is a great deal to be said for it. In the last analysis, of course, the matter resolves itself into a question of the individual judgment of each person concerned. After becoming convinced of psychical facts and accepting the only interpretation which covers the whole ground, everyone has the right to decide for himself whether he will become a propagandist or, on the other hand, proceed quietly on his way and reserve his testimony until it is asked for. Of course, there are extremes in each case—the "hot gospellers," full of zeal untempered by discretion, and the coldly indifferent "believers" who, while accepting the facts, are content to surrender themselves entirely to other interests. Both are to be condemned, as extremes always are. Our concern at the moment is with the many earnest people whom the subject of organization and propaganda divides into two classes. Amongst our readers, as we know, are large numbers who are none the less loyal and useful adherents that they do not belong to any local society or attend the many Sunday evening services which signalise the existence of Spiritualism as a religious movement.

Now, it is an important thing to recognise the existence of both these forces, moving, as they do, on lines more

or less parallel with each other, but rarely coming into touch, because unless both are taken into account no accurate judgment can be formed of the power and influence of Spiritualism as a whole. Quite frequently we have heard this movement spoken of as though its activities were wholly included in the statistics of the various societies throughout the country, to which, or to most of which, it presents itself in a religious aspect. It is well to remind those who take this view, of the large unorganised power represented by thousands of persons who are never likely to be drawn into organisations avowedly Spiritualistic, but who yet serve the truth in their own fashion as centres of information and guidance to those kindred minds who desire to be enlightened on what to-day has become the most vital question of the time, although its full importance has not yet been manifested.

Long ago, after a review of the propagandist activities of our missionary friends, we expressed the view that the progress and development of Spiritualism, as a truth as well as a body of facts, would come from without rather than from within. We found on the inside of the subject a depressing amount of parochialism; it seemed in some quarters to be crystallising into mere sectarianism with a standard of values altogether out of relation with the facts of existence at large. There was a lack of the sense of proportion, a tendency to exalt mediocrity and to confer distinction on those who were notable only in the narrow limits which had been imposed on the subject, and quite unknown outside of it. It seemed to us, rightly or wrongly, that some large influx of the life of the outer world, although it might at first appear to wash away certain lines of demarcation, could not fail in the end to have a quickening effect on the movement. We had no fear of the results. The essential truths would, we felt, ride the incoming waves as lightly as seabirds. There is such "stormy petrel" as a truth.

As to the question of propaganda, that undoubtedly has a large and important place, and we have always recognised the fact, although unable to endorse all the claims made for it. We have said before that the number of heads counted by any movement was of comparatively small moment—it was more important to discover the quality of intelligence which those heads happened to represent. We doubt not some of the criticism directed against propagandist methods has been evoked by those displays of official incapacity, stupidity and unfitness the existence of which was lamented at the Convention. A small army of thoroughly efficient units is more valuable than an untrained horde, however numerous. But on this question of propaganda we are inclined to take high ground. All vital truths like this of life after death have a tendency to propagate themselves in ways not perceptible to the superficial observer. There is a mental and spiritual contagion by which ideas pass from mind to mind without speech. The best form of propaganda is that which relies on the quality of spiritual attraction. A great thinker once said that if a craftsman could make some common object—it might be a knife or a shoe—better than any of his fellows, the men who wanted his wares would find him out if he lived in the middle of a dense forest. When we offer only the best, the world will come to us; we shall not need to go to it, to argue or to persuade. A great truth makes its own finest appeal—we may even mar its effect by standing between it and those who feel its attraction. That, briefly and inadequately expressed, is our own attitude towards this question of propaganda, but we should never wish to enforce it upon others, any more than we would wish to impose upon them the central truth for which we stand.

When the man is ready for a revelation, the revelation infallibly comes. The spirit attracts truth as the magnet attracts iron.

Finally, a word on the subject of the hostile demonstrations and the attacks, overt and covert, which are made on the subject, with the idea of suppressing it. While we may meet these in varying ways, each appropriate to the particular line of thought and action most natural to us, it is well always to remember that those attacks which are inspired by malice, ignorance, fear, or other unworthy motives, contain within themselves the seeds of their own defeat. If that which we hold as a truth cannot survive the most furious onslaughts of its enemies and emerge the stronger and the brighter for the ordeal, then it is not a truth, and we have no use for it. But it has survived all its previous seasons of trial, and to-day is growing in power and influence, imperceptibly, it may be, but surely. Moreover, there is no better test of the fitness of those who serve it than that now afforded by a period of adversity which is more on the surface of things than in the heart of them. Efficiency is a great thing, but loyal devotion is even greater. It instructs the ignorant, ennobles the humble, strengthens the weak, and it adds a new lustre to those who, being intelligent, advanced and strong, give of their best to its service.

THE MEDIUM'S FEE.

By MRS. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.

The suggestion at present much in the air that mediums whose conditions of life place them under the necessity for earning money should be in some manner subsidised or made independent of the usual fee, does not, it seems to me, quite meet the case. Any benefit arriving directly or indirectly, whether promiscuous fees on their own account, or a settled salary under the auspices of college or committee, leaves their position open to the same objection—temptation in stress of circumstances to “fake” in order to preserve their means of subsistence. So long as they are liable by failure to forfeit anything, the objection holds good, and one presumes that no college or society would settle upon them a fixed income for life whether their mediumistic gifts failed or not. The vexed question remains, how are they to live?

Why should the world at large expect to benefit by their invaluable gifts and give nothing in return? Why should the artist, whose inspiration is supposed to be derived from the highest sources, sell the results of that inspiration to the highest bidder without incurring contumely? The answer would probably be, because in the artist's profession opportunity for deception is not so easily at hand; but does not this argue that the true reason on the part of the public for objection to the medium's fee is its own protection at the least exertion to itself? Why should the public be spared the onus of separating the wheat from the tares in that particular profession more than in any other? That lawyers have been known to cheat is no reason for advocating that the lawyer's fee should be done away with!

Surely the rational remedy for the situation is that the public should get rid of one more “old time” prejudice and acknowledge the right of the medium to compensation for the exercise of a gift that draws upon her very life-force and generally unfits her for a more strenuous form of work.

Why people should expect to be “spoon-fed” along this line more than any other seems somewhat of a mystery.

MATTER, were it never so despicable, is Spirit, the manifestation of Spirit. Were it never so honourable, can it be more? The thing Visible, nay, the thing Imagined, the thing in any way conceived as Visible, what is it but a garment, a clothing of the higher, celestial Invisible?—CARLYLE.

THE DEEPER PROBLEMS OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH.

SOME LARGER ASPECTS OF CHRISTIAN TRUTH.

An Address by Dr. Ellis T. Powell delivered at Steinway Hall on Sunday evening, May 20th, 1917.

The enquiry and the propaganda which have their focus in societies like the Marylebone Spiritualist Association are very largely confined to one subject, the individual survival of bodily death. It is a sublime subject. Taken by itself, it is probably the most supreme problem which can occupy the mind of man. But it may be doubted whether our various societies do well to confine themselves so entirely to this one aspect of psychic research. After all, man's survival of bodily death may be the central fact of psychic science, but it is by no means the whole, or even the greater portion thereof. An entire lifetime might be absorbed by the scientific study of the sun alone; but an astronomer who should thus devote himself exclusively to the central luminary would miss all the fascinating beauty and suggestion that are to be found in a science that also includes within its scope the planets and satellites of our own system, the suns of other systems—called by us the fixed stars—as well as the comets, the nebulae, the spirals, and all the other stupendous phenomena of the stellar universe. I cannot but think that we similarly warp our minds when we allow the problem of human survival, taken by itself, to fill practically the whole psychic arena. Psychic science, properly so called, is concerned, and deeply concerned, with a whole multitude of happenings and manifestations, many of them only remotely connected with the immortality of the spirit. For instance, from the moment when we are assured of survival, a true psychic science must ask *where* the life is perpetuated, under what conditions, with what new faculties suited for the fresh environment, and with what prospects of still further progress to yet higher planes of existence? All these are cognate subjects, and all of transcendent importance. They are the problems of our part in, and our relationship to, the cosmos. I want to turn your attention this evening to some of these collateral fields of investigation, to what I have ventured to call the Deeper Problems of Psychic Research. Even in the middle of a world-war, a little hard thinking will do you good.

By its advent into these collateral fields of investigation psychic science has already removed the greatest stumbling block from the path of Christianity. It shows that many of the events which signalised the life of the Founder of Christianity are demonstrably within the range of ascertained scientific law. In course of time it will doubtless bring every fact of Christ's life within the orbit of its ambitious research. It will show that all the events of that wondrous life were within, and not without, the realm of law.

Long ago, in fact, St. Paul declared (Coloss. i. 15-17), that “Christ is the visible representative of the Eternal God, the first-born and Lord of all creation. For in Him was created the Universe of things in heaven and on earth, things seen and things unseen, thrones, dominions, principedoms, powers—all were created, and exist, *through* and *for* Him. And He is before all things, and in and through Him the Universe is a harmonious whole.” (Dr. Weymouth's translation—James Clark and Co.)

These great words (as Dr. Dale says) give us a glimpse of vast and fruitful provinces of truth which are almost unknown to us. They have been traversed from time to time by the solitary path of adventurous speculation, but the Church has never made her home there: the golden harvests are unreaped; not even a wandering sect has pitched its tents and fed its flocks on those rich and boundless plains. They belong to a remote and glorious realm lying far beyond the frontiers of familiar truth—a realm whose mountain ranges and whose rivers are laid down in no theological survey which the Church has accepted as authentic, and whose wealth has never enriched the common thought of Christendom. All things were created “in Him,” “by Him,” “for Him”; “in Him all things consist”—these wonderful words are still “dark with excess of light.” They affirm the existence and define the character of relations between the Divine personality of the Lord Jesus

Christ and the universe which we have never been able to grasp; but a clear conception of these relations is indispensable to a satisfactory theory of the Atonement.*

The existence of relations, obviously psychic, between Christ and the universe, so subtle that the boldest speculation of Christendom has never attempted their analysis, may well emphasise our realisation of the truth that the demonstrated survival of bodily death is but an elementary fact of psychic science, and that all the great ocean of psychic truth lies to be discovered still. But in survival we have the key and the path.

Thus the facts of Christianity cease to be a suspension or a defiance of the laws of the Universe. They are no longer a kind of confusing intromission into an otherwise orderly sequence of phenomena ordained and ruled by God. They are a deeper fulfilment, not an arbitrary breach, of law. If we ask ourselves wherein, then, lies the importance of Christ's work, the answer is that He possessed what was, in the time of His mortal life, a unique knowledge of the laws of the Universe. He was in some adepthal relation to it—as St. Paul definitely declares—and therefore He was capable of bringing life and immortality to light. In a word, your psychic searchlight irradiates a gloom which all the candles of dogmatic theology have failed to illuminate. But there is obviously much more here than the mere question of the survival of personality. That, as I said, is one fact of a vast science, just as the discovery of Neptune was a solitary, though a magnificent, triumph of mathematical and astronomical research—tremendous by itself, but by no means so colossal when regarded in relation to a thousand related achievements.

The materialist tells us that the physical brain makes consciousness as the liver secretes bile. Destroy the brain, says he, and you destroy consciousness, for thought is only a function of the brain. To that alleged truism telepathy makes answer, by demonstrating, as we believe, the fact of discarnate consciousness where there is no physical brain to secrete it. So that here, if we are right, we find thought without brain. And no sooner does your psychic science place you upon that promontory than you see that it reverses the old conception of the respective positions of matter and spirit. Matter does not produce consciousness, but simply limits and hampers its manifestations. Matter keeps mind within the limits of sensation, while the free spirit roams the boundless realms of intellect and insight. I am looking through a window at a beautiful view. Suddenly somebody draws down a dark blind and shuts out the prospect. Has the landscape ceased to exist because I can no longer see it? By no means. My power of vision is unimpaired in itself, though it has been subjected to an intervention in the shape of the blind, which momentarily destroys its efficacy. At the side of the blind, maybe, I can just catch a glimpse of the obscured beauty outside. Maybe it is raised a little at the bottom, so that by stooping I can again look out, perhaps only with difficulty, upon the vista. Even so does consciousness, our means of contact with the eternal realities of the spirit world, stream through our brain in various ways—here in the shape of clairvoyance, there as clairaudience, here again as healing magnetism, and there once more in dream and trance, when the spirit for awhile shakes off material fetters and wings its way to its native habitation. Matter has been aptly compared to a great dam or breakwater, against which the waves of spirit are for ever breaking. Here and there, as the tide rises higher, they break over the dam and the spray comes flying into our cognisance in the shape of messages from that other world that lies beyond. In the vivid language of the late Professor William James, "We need only suppose the continuity of our consciousness with a mother sea, to allow for exceptional waves occasionally pouring over the dam"—and opening the mind with a new influx and a new insight, into contact with that infinitely greater life whence it comes, and whither it shall return. Only thus far we have concentrated our attention on the dam of matter, ignoring the great ocean of spirit that lies beyond. And psychic science has brought us again to right perspective, by reminding us that we want to

sail out upon that ocean, instead of remaining for ever forlorn upon the breakwater, the physical life which hampers and confines faculties otherwise boundless in ambition and potentiality. But here are deeper problems than the mere survival of physical death.

(To be continued.)

THE AMENDMENT OF THE WITCHCRAFT AND VAGRANCY ACTS.

A DISSIDENT VIEW.

Though opinion at the recent meeting at South Place was unanimously in favour of agitation for the amendment of the Witchcraft and Vagrancy Act, Spiritualists are not all agreed on the matter. At least one dissentient voice has been raised. In a long letter from Newcastle, Lieut. W. J. McIntosh (who informs us that he is a keen Spiritualist, known in Stratford, E., as well as in the town from which he writes, and where he has been stationed after suffering from shell shock at the Front), deprecates the attempt to obtain amendment of the law as it affects Psychic Science. He thinks the effort will be futile. We do not; having, perhaps, better opportunities of knowing the latent strength of this movement than our correspondent. Having registered this opinion he thus proceeds (we can only give portions of the very long letter he sends):—

Facts must be faced unflinchingly, even though they cause pain to those we have considered friends. There is not the slightest doubt that absence of some check on the rising tide of tricksters and charlatans who have performed spurious imitations of psychical phenomena, in the name of Spiritualism, has proved in the highest degree derogatory to this great cause. The medium who charges a guinea or half a guinea for a gift that should be looked upon as sacred is, in my opinion, not true to the philosophy of Modern Spiritualism, and should not be permitted, with the connivance of any law, to ply his trade, for nothing tends to generate fraud more than commercialism, and commercialism and philosophy can never be well mated.

As the result of some conversation I have had with representatives of the law, I have come to the conclusion that the law is not opposed to the private practice of Spiritualism, but only to the gallery-playing of the fortune-tellers, and to the counter-jumping tactics of the would-be prophets. Therefore I regard the law as a potential friend and ally.

If it be possible to collect £5,000 for such a questionable objective [as amendment of the Vagrancy and Witchcraft Acts], why could it not be equally possible to gather £100,000 towards the birth of an endowment for the maintenance of accredited mediums, who would then be paid reasonable salaries, and at once be elevated to the dignity of ministers of any other religion? I confess that a feeling of nausea possesses me every time I hear the chairman of a meeting begging for the speaker or medium. It is dignity we require, not squalor and secrecy.

The true Spiritualist should not put material position first, though, of course, he need not neglect it; and if his materialistic contemporaries try to impair his worldly standing, I do not think they will succeed: Sir Oliver Lodge is still an authority in the world of Science in spite of the production of "Raymond."

After all, it is not the law we are fighting, it is the impurity of our movement, the materialism of ourselves, lack of universal sympathy among us, and paucity of financial and educational unity in the various societies.

It is the scientific investigator who will at length procure our egress from the embryonic state, and he cannot do this in a moment; there are ages of bigotry to be conquered, miles of territory to be explored, before we have the right to try to force our convictions on the world. Till we have perfected inter-communication between the discarnate and ourselves, our position of righteous indignation is untenable, and even presumptuous.

I do hope this abortive effort will not be allowed to come to maturity, and that the contemplated expenditure of hard-earned money will be diverted into a loftier, healthier channel. There is a hideous war rampant, and poverty and pain are stalking the erstwhile pleasant pastures of our island. These evils must, in my opinion, be mitigated before anything else.

In a postscript to his letter, Lieut. McIntosh writes:—

Spiritualism is not altogether despised by the officers I have met—indeed, I have convinced quite a number that "there is

* Dr. Dale, "The Atonement," p. 7.

something in it," and their general attitude is that "it seems impossible, but, of course, I don't know."

Spiritualism, we may tell our correspondent, is a very much stronger thing than he appears to suppose. The various points he makes as regards the legal position are well understood by those principally concerned in the agitation. He apparently fails to realise that we are not asking for a repeal of the law, but merely its amendment, in which provision for the punishment of tricksters shall be preserved.

MATERIALISATION SEANCES AND THEIR AFTER EFFECTS.

A SUGGESTED SAFEGUARD.

By J. W. MACDONALD.

Some sixteen months ago, in company with Mr. W. H. Robinson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, I had a sitting with a lady, who is a medium—not professionally so. One of the controls who manifested through her was a lady whom Mr. Robinson had known in earth-life, and with whom he had sat for materialisations. She said she had changed her opinions since she had passed over to the other side, and regarded sitting for materialisation phenomena as dangerous, for the elements or substances to produce the materialisations were taken from the sitters, used and then put back, and often the elements were not put back to the same sitters from whom they were respectively taken; hence a healthy person might receive back an unhealthy element or substance which might not belong to him or her.

This factor has, undoubtedly, to be reckoned with: and in any case what is returned is in a diminished condition. Is there a remedy?

In the "Harbinger of Light" (Melbourne) is appearing a series entitled "Leaves from my Psychic Diary," consisting of communications received through a well-developed psychic by automatic writing. They are of extreme interest, and in the issue of October, 1916 (p. 200) is a message purporting to be from Paracelsus, the celebrated magnetic healer (born 1493, died 1541), in which he says:—

The power of many mediums, as you well know, is derived from those sitting in your circles, plus that of the disembodied spirits who mix the two qualities of magnetism to enable them to produce the phenomena. Especially so is it in materialisation, when the vital force or magnetism, which has been, for the time being, taken from the medium, is returned, minus some magnetism that has been dissipated or burnt up in the process. As the body is composed for the greater part of water, the loss is most rapidly made up again by drinking a quantity of water immediately after the phenomena have ceased, for then the conditions are more favourable to the transmuting of the fluid (water) into the natural fluids of the body.

If any are in the habit of sitting for materialisation and feel depleted after it, the above remedy might be tried and the results noted as to whether it is effectual to meet the need.

AN OXFORD WORTHY.

From the "Daily Chronicle" of the 23rd ult:—

To-day Oxford is celebrating the tercentenary of the birth of Elias Ashmole, "the greatest virtuoso and curioso that ever was known or read of in England before his time." As astrologist, alchemist, herald, antiquary, engraver, his thirst for knowledge was insatiable. He was made an M.D., had Government offices, became an early Freemason, followed the Rosicrucians, and had "the true matter of the philosopher's stone bequeathed to him as a legacy." His large library of printed books and MSS. he handed over to Oxford University. As the final load departed, he wrote: "The last load of my rarities was sent to the barge and this afternoon I relapsed into the gout." A humorist, too!

The old attitude towards astrologers compares curiously with the modern one.

It is only by revealing the Divine that is in us that we may discover the Divine in others.—MAETERLINCK.

LIFE THAT LIVES FOR EVER.

"THE GLORY OF GOING ON."

Few of our readers will need to be convinced of the reality of human survival of death. But immortality, the eternal persistence of the individual soul, is another question, although it may well be argued that survival of death is in some sort a demonstration of immortality. In a recent issue of the "Christian Commonwealth," the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton dealt with the matter in a sermon entitled "The Eternal Values," from which we make the following extracts:—

Surely the whole question of immortality is a question of the conservation of the values of life. First Affirmation, then Realisation, and finally a treasuring up of the ineffable wealth of moral and spiritual worth. What are the supreme values of life? Not in what we possess, not what we know, not even what we do, but what we are. They are personal qualities. The noblest thing earth has to show the stars is a pure, refined, valiant personality. The ideal and goal of the universe, so far as we can know its purpose, is the growth of heroic human souls. St. Paul saw in the groans and travail cries of Nature the birth-throes of the Sons of God, and his vision is verified by the science of to-day. What is evolution but a tracing of the age-long story of the struggle of Nature upward out of mud to mind, out of matter to spirit, out of savagery to saintliness? They ask too much who ask us to think that these treasures, so high and hard-won, are cast at last as rubbish to the void. How, then, are they preserved in face of death?

There are those who say that personal immortality is not needed to conserve the values of life. Only God is eternal, and such values as our little lives have return to Him, absorbed in His life as a candle fades into the sunlight, as a dewdrop slips into the sea. No moral worth is ever lost. Such an idea seems very lofty and profound, but the poet who wrote the lines—

"The forces that were Christ
Have taken new forms and fled,"

wrote words without meaning. It is impossible for two reasons. First, they are personal forces, and if personality ends in death they end too. The notion of love as a quality of God, of which Jesus was a fleeting form, and the value of which He, dying on the Cross, surrendered, is absurd. Second, such qualities are not entities to be abstracted from persons and absorbed by another. They cannot be transferred . . .

No, if the bells are tolling a march to everlasting death in which Jesus and Judas sleep together, all moral value erased in dust, let us face the fact, and not attempt to muffle their tones with seductive phrases. Stately, grave and noble were the lines of George Eliot, who, when she lost faith in personal immortality, prayed that she might join the Choir Invisible—

"Of those immortal dead who live again,
In minds made better by their presence,"

but they tell us very little. Our influence and example may impress our fellows for good or ill, becoming a part of the body of law by which the race is ruled. But what is the nature of that influence? It is not that our spirit passes into them, but that it evokes in them like qualities of their own. What though Sappho sing divinely and her song go sobbing adown the years, if she be choked in dust? Wherefore the lives of saints and martyrs, if it be only that in a dim far time a few men shall be utterly good and wise? Then what? At last the earth will grow cold, the race will vanish, and the Choir Invisible will no longer be the gladness of the world! Death will reign and every moral value vanish!

What of it? someone will ask, seeking a last refuge from "the malice of obliterated life." Is not virtue its own reward, its own sweetness and satisfaction? Is not morality worth while, even if pity be the root of it? Assuredly; but what is the reward of virtue if it be not the glory and the opportunity of more virtue, the glory, as Tennyson sang, of going on and still to be, that we may be better? Else it were better if the earth had remained like the moon, "a mass of slag, idle and without a tenant." No, no; think it all through, and you will see that personal immortality is the only imaginable way of conserving the precious values of love, mercy, justice, character—values which the universe toiled through long eras to achieve, and which humanity has aspired so long to realise.

We are asked to announce that during the continuance of "summer time" the Sunday evening services of the Marylebone Association at Steinway Hall will commence punctually at 7 p.m.

EARTHLY OPINIONS AND SPIRITUAL REALITIES.

A STORY FROM SWEDENBORG.

In one of his "Memorable Relations" Swedenborg describes a conversation in the spirit world between ancient Sages and three strangers bringing fresh reports from our earth. When told of the discoveries made by Swedenborg's open vision, the Sages asked, "What do the people on the earth think of such information?" . . . Then the Priest [who was one of the strangers] said, "Those of our order when they first heard such relations called them visions, then fictions; afterwards they insisted that the man had seen spectres, and lastly they hesitated and said, 'Believe them who will; we have hitherto taught that a man will not be in a body after death until the day of the last judgment.'" Then the Sages asked, "Are there no intelligent persons among those of your order who can prove and evince the truth that a man lives after death?" The Priest replied, "There are indeed some who prove it, but not to the conviction of others. Those who prove it say that it is contrary to sound reason to believe that a man does not live a man till the day of the last judgment, and that in the meantime he is a soul without a body. What is the soul, or what is it in the interim? Is it a vapour or some wind floating in the atmosphere, or something hidden in the bowels of the earth? Have the souls of Adam and Eve, and of all their posterity for six thousand years, been flying about in the universe, or been shut up in the bowels of the earth, waiting for the last judgment? What can be more anxious and miserable than such a condition?" . . . On hearing these things the Grecian sages said, "We, during our abode in the world, from the inductions of reason, believed in the immortality of the souls of men; and we also assigned regions for the blessed, which we call the Elysian Fields, and we believed that the soul was a human image or appearance, but of a fine and delicate nature, because spiritual."

After this the assembly turned to the second stranger, who in the world had been a politician. He confessed that he did not believe in a life after death, and that respecting the new information which he had heard about it, he thought it all fable and fiction. "In my meditations on the subject," said he, "I used to say to myself, How can souls be bodies? Does not the whole man lie dead in the grave? Is not the eye there; how can he see? Is not the ear there; how can he hear? Whence must he have a mouth wherewith to speak? Supposing anything of a man to live after death, must it not resemble a spectre, and how can a spectre eat and drink? Whence can it have clothes, houses, meats, &c.? Besides, spectres, which are mere aerial images, appear as if they really existed; and yet they do not. These and similar sentiments I used to entertain in the world concerning the life of men after death, but now, since I have seen all these things, and touched them with my hands, I am convinced by my very senses that I am a man as I was in the world; so that I know no other than that I live now as I lived formerly, with only this difference that my reason now is sounder. At times I have been ashamed of my former thoughts."

The Philosopher [the third stranger] gave much the same account of himself as the Politician had done; only differing in this respect, that he considered the new relations which he had heard concerning a life after death as having reference to opinions and hypotheses which he had collected from the ancients and moderns. When the three strangers had done speaking, the Sophi were all in amazement; and those who were of the Socratic school said that, from the news they had heard from the earth, it was quite evident that the interiors of human minds had been successively closed; and that in the world at this time a belief in what is false shines as truth, and an infatuated ingenuity as wisdom.

THE many friends of Madame D'Espérance in this country will feel much relieved to learn that she is no longer in Germany, having arrived safely in Copenhagen on the 18th ult. Her address is c/o Mr. J. S. Jensen, 16, Vesterbrogade, Copenhagen, B.

THE LADEN NET.

We take the following from the "Daily News" of the 22nd ult. It is not a unique instance. An author well-known in the literature of Spiritualism is said to possess the same gift and has many times been a welcome passenger in fishing boats:—

Here is a remarkable story, sent me by a correspondent. The owners of a little fleet of fishing vessels offer a prize of £300 each year to the skipper with the best haul of fish. It is almost invariably won by the same man, whose aptitude for his calling is such that time and again, when his comrades, the skippers of the little fleet, are minded to put back, certain that there is no fish to reward them, he will push on, saying, "I don't know how I know it, but I know we'll get summat." "He can smell it," they say, laughing. From a distance of 120 miles he has been known to make for the coast of Scotland without any obvious reason, and find there again and again a great haul of fish. Perhaps heredity may have something to do with this remarkable gift. I should like to know the man's history.

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF JUNE 4TH, 1887.)

Professor Elliott Coues delivered this year an address at the commencement of the National Medical College at Washington, which he has now published under the title of "A Woman in the Case." . . . The address is an earnest plea for the admission to equal rights with men in the study and practice of medicine. . . . When Dr. Coues came to consider the reasons why woman has been systematically excluded from access to the tree of knowledge, he put his finger on three great stumbling-blocks in her way: Religious intolerance, scientific insolence and social tyranny. For the first says, practically, "You cannot be trusted with your own soul. I will take charge of that, and tell you what to believe." The next says, "You cannot be trusted with your own mind. I will do the thinking for you." The last says, "You cannot be trusted with your own person. I will regulate your conduct."—From "Notes by the Way," by "M.A. (OXON.)."

Public exhibitions of hypnotism have been interdicted in Germany, Italy, and Austria. This is but one side of the shield, however, and brilliant therapeutical results have been reported by the skilled coterie of French physicians that has advanced our knowledge of hypnotism so much within the past few years.—From an article by WILLIAM NOYES.

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Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead, but fill their lives with sweetness now. Speak approving and cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind things you will say after they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffin bestow now, and so brighten and sweeten their earthly homes before they leave them.—F. H. ROSCOE.

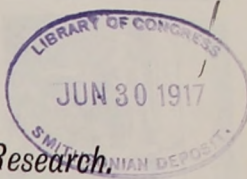
I CANNOT give the reason for it, but all history, both ancient and modern, attests the fact that no great misfortune happens either to a town or a province which has not been foretold by someone possessed of the power of prophecy, or else it has been announced by prodigies or other celestial signs. It is very desirable that the cause of this should be discussed by men acquainted with things both natural and supernatural, an advantage which we do not ourselves possess. Whatever may be the explanation, the thing itself cannot be questioned.—MACHIAVELLI.

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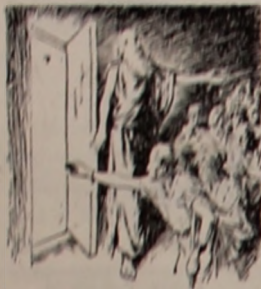
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[a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

In the course of a recent address (referred to in *LIGHT* of May 19th, p. 160), Sir Oliver Lodge remarked that the subject of psychic evidences was not new: it was only the scientific attention directed to it which was new. Supernormal manifestations, of course, have always existed in the history of mankind, and modern Spiritualism is simply the flowering of something that has been growing for thousands of years. Those who are seeking to uproot it, therefore, have a task of the magnitude of which they have not the faintest conception. The Bible itself, as but one record of "miracles" in human history, will stand all the pounding which materialistic science can bestow. One reason, perhaps, why psychic phenomena seem to be new is that we have given them new names. Lately we turned the pages of a copy of "The Gentleman's Magazine" for May, 1760, a periodical associated with the name of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and printed at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, where, as we remember, the author of "Rasselas" drudged for Cave, the founder and proprietor of the magazine. On page 236 we found an account of a trance address delivered by a country lad employed as a footboy in the family of Captain Fisher, of Reading. It took the form (as trance addresses frequently do) of a sermon, and there is even an "exact transcript" of the discourse, which, considering the circumstances, is a really remarkable piece of oratory. Of course the narrator of the story does not call it a trance address. To him it is a marvellous instance of a "sermon delivered in a fit." The boy had these "fits" at intervals, and on each occasion delivered a discourse, returning to consciousness without any recollection of what had happened.

* * * *

We hardly know of any form of psychic phenomenon in modern times of which examples are not to be found in the records of the past. Psychometry is the only exception we can call to mind, and it may be that there are instances of that in some phase or another, for, of course, psychometry is a wide subject. At the moment, however, we are thinking of that form of it in which, by handling a letter or some small article, a ring, a glove, a lock of hair, the psychometrist can delineate the life and character of the person immediately concerned. We have had hundreds of examples of the truth of psychometry, a fact we mention here because there are some old psychical researchers who are quite unfamiliar with the matter. Thousands of people possess psychometrical power without knowing it. And it is quite easy to make practical experiments along this line by taking some small article of jewellery, a piece of writing,

or anything which can be regarded as charged with the "magnetism" of some particular person, holding it to the forehead while in a passive condition and then stating what impressions are received. At first there may be a number of "bad shots," but the power (if it is there) will develop gradually, and if the experimenter is a good natural psychometrist the results will in time become startling in their accuracy. It is necessary, however, that the object to be psychometrised shall not be handled by intermediaries, otherwise their own life-influences will come into the "reading," and descriptions concerning A, the owner of the article, will be mixed up with those relating to B, the person who hands it to the psychometrist. This can be overcome by enclosing it in a wrapper. And it is worth noting that the less the psychometrist knows of the person whose life and circumstances are to be described the clearer will be the reading.

* * * *

It is, indeed, an amusing satire on some of the criticisms we read concerning mediumistic powers that the genuine medium is always at his best when he has no knowledge of the person of whom he is asked to give a delineation. In many cases any particulars given to the medium before he commences set his mind on the wrong track, by stirring up a train of inferences and deductions which vitiates the delineation. We have known a fine psychometrist completely "put off" by an innocent deception. Thus to give a psychic a piece of Brummagem jewellery, and tell him that it is a relic from Pompeii, would probably lead to what the callow investigator would regard as a fraud, although the trained student would only see in it an indirect evidence of the working of the psychic faculty. As we have said before, the very susceptibility to impressions which is shown by the genuine psychic may in itself be an evidence of his genuineness. For the rogue is notoriously sharp. He would see instantly through the shallow tricks by which the honest sensitive is befooled. The exercise of psychic faculty is a matter of sensitiveness to impressions, and impressions come from both sides of the way. A medium may be so completely under the influence of a strong mind in the flesh that any possibility of impressions from the unseen side may be utterly ruined. That explains much which the ignorant regard as evidence of imposture. The street hawker who sells pottery bangs his earthenware pots and pans together to show us how strong they are. If he tried the same test with delicate Sèvres ware we should think him a fool. When the world is as careful with its psychics as it is with its delicate china, it will be a happier place for them.

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FROM SEEN TO UNSEEN.

BY J. ARTHUR HILL.

In reading Sir William Barrett's most interesting and welcome book,* four main ideas form themselves in my mind, as indicating its chief characteristics:—

1. It is unique in being the work of a founder of the S.P.R., who, indeed, was an investigator many years before that date (1882), and who was the first to bring telepathy before the notice of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Its author is therefore specially well-equipped for the writing of such an historical survey as he gives, for he has been personally acquainted with almost everybody of note in the research.

2. The historical part is, as a consequence, extremely impressive by the number of weighty names quoted; and the sceptical general reader will feel that he cannot, after all, wriggle out by saying—as he can after reading a book of evidence amassed by the author alone—that there is only one man's word for it and that the man may be mad. The sceptic will be forced either to the admission that there must be "something in it" or that an extraordinary number of otherwise able men of all varieties of training and occupation have gone curiously wrong. We may hope that this excellent and daunting array of great names will cause at least some sceptics to suspend judgment and to investigate for themselves.

3. The method is critical and will usefully teach a proper wariness and patience. The nucleus of the book was printed in 1895 but was held back from publication till 1908 because of the doubts about Eusapia Paladino. Then, when the 1908 edition was exhausted, re-publication was purposely delayed until the indications of the S.P.R. cross-correspondences became clear and were found to confirm the views already held. And in matters of detail, as when Sir William blindfolded the ouija-operators and then redistributed the alphabet letters, there are many examples of how to eliminate normal explanations.

4. The author's quoted experiments have been entirely with unpaid and unprofessional mediums. This is an important point; for, though we may satisfy ourselves of the genuine powers and perfect honesty of a professional, the outsider is apt to feel a certain mistrust. Recent books have been criticised from this angle, and Sir William's volume will nonplus such critics very usefully; for he has obtained many kinds of phenomena through friends and people of undoubted probity, under excellent conditions: raps spelling out messages, heavy tables moving about or even levitating, untouched, and remaining suspended eighteen inches off the floor, with himself sitting on top; also ouija-messages from people not known to be dead, but who turned out to have died—one of them in the "Lusitania" disaster—and other even more striking messages, such as that requesting the gift of a pearl tiepin to a lady—afterwards found to be the communicator's *fiancée*—whose name, given in full, was quite unknown to the automatists.

From these varied personal experiences and from an almost unrivalled knowledge of the investigations of others, Sir William Barrett concludes that human beings survive bodily death and that the Unseen is peopled with many forms of intelligence, human, subhuman, and superhuman. But he urges that the psychical order is not the spiritual order, as indeed all thoughtful Spiritualists will agree, and that soul-growth, high character, apprehension of God, are different from and not necessarily results of the acquisition of knowledge concerning the other side.

The book is most readable in style, and abounds in happy literary allusions and quotations; one can wish it no better destiny than that it may be read as widely as it deserves.

A RELIGION which should appear reasonable to the whole world could not be the true one. The true religion must at its first appearance amongst men be saluted from all sides with that accusation of folly which Christianity has so loftily braved.—VINET.

* "On the Threshold of the Unseen." (Kegan Paul, 6s. 6d. net.)

FRESH EXPERIMENTS AT THE BELFAST CIRCLE.

BY W. J. CRAWFORD, D.Sc.

Readers of LIGHT may be interested in an unexpected result which has recently been obtained in connection with the researches I am carrying out. During the hundreds of sittings that have been held, the medium had never touched the levitated table either with her hands or her feet. She had never experienced any desire to do so. The other night I tried what would happen if she *did* touch it. The result was rather surprising.

The operators were told to levitate the table (it consists of a top and four legs only) in the usual way, but to bring it a little nearer the medium than was customary, so that she could easily touch it. They were asked to keep the table levitated *if they could*, until told to drop it. The following experiments were then made:—

(a) The medium touched the near edge of the levitated table with her bare hand and the table dropped—not quite instantaneously, but taking from two to three seconds.

(b) The medium leaned over and placed her hand on the surface of the levitated table near its centre, whereupon the table dropped in from two to three seconds, exactly as in test (a).

(c) The medium touched the surface of the levitated table with a glass tube held in her hand, and the table dropped in from five to six seconds.

(d) The medium touched the surface of the levitated table with a piece of twisted paper, but this had no effect and the table did not drop.

(e) The medium then touched the surface of the levitated table with a piece of wood, but again there was no effect, the table remaining as before.

(f) The medium lifted one of her feet and gently slid it up and down a near leg of the levitated table. This also had no effect, and, seeing that the table did not drop, I desired the medium to touch its surface with her hand—simultaneously with the contact of her foot on its leg—when the table fell with a thud.

The net result of these experiments is to show that if the medium touches the levitated table with her hand it invariably falls to the ground almost immediately.

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF JUNE 11TH, 1887.)

"The Christian Herald," in a recent article on Spiritualism, said: "It is vain to speak of that power as mere jugglery which has convinced some of the *élite* of the literary world, which has caught in its meshes many scientific men, who at first only troubled to investigate for the purposes of refutation. Nor, indeed, can anything be more dangerous than utter incredulity: for the wholly incredulous, if suddenly brought face to face with the supernatural, is of all men the most likely to yield entire submission to the priests of the new wonder. Better far is it to prayerfully inquire whether these things are possible, and, if so, in what light the Bible teaches us to regard them. We shall thus be armed against all the wiles of the devil."

The Rev. John Pierpoint, so distinguished for his thorough manliness and love of truth, was interested in psychometry, and in his poem on "Progress," delivered at the 150th anniversary of Yale College, he referred to it and its discovery thus:—

The very page that I am tracing now,
With tardy fingers and a careworn brow,
To other brows, by other fingers prest,
Shall tell the world not what I have been deemed,
Nor what I passed for, nor what I had seemed,
But what I *was*! Believe it, friends, or not,
To this high point of progress we have got,
We stamp ourselves on every note we write!
Send you a note to China or the Pole—
Where'er the wind blows or the waters roll—
That note conveys the measure of your soul!

THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE.

A RECORD OF MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE.

I was unhappy, long and persistently unhappy. Life was drained of hope, of every gleam of colour. Darkness was upon all sides; not the blackness of a storm that will burst and pass but the ineffable heaviness of leaden skies that, after day-long rain, sink into sodden evening with no more hope of sun.

Life had failed me, or I had failed life; not without long struggle and many desperate scramblings up the slippery hill of achievement. It was not outside circumstances, not opposition that had conquered me; outside circumstances in themselves are rarely invincible; but the slow realisation of my own inadequacy, my lack either of charm or efficiency, and the weariness and bluntness that crept like a fog over my mental perceptions for many days at a time.

I was bankrupt towards all Life's demands. Very slowly the protracted failure of physical and mental forces closed every avenue of effectual action. Yet I was born a creature filled with love of life, quick of expectation and imagination, with wide range of appreciations, and with a desire of beauty that has ever scourged me with the whip of my own deficiencies.

Beauty I worshipped when, as a child, I played alone in the little town garden, peopling the sunset country with a god-like race. Beauty and Love I worshipped in girlhood and womanhood, knowing not then that they are one, that Beauty is but the fringe and fragrance of Love, that "great spirit" that links us to the Life-head which men call by so many and opposing names in vain effort to compass and bring it within human comprehension.

I had no blessing of either. Lonely in childhood, lonely and sick in girlhood, leading from the twenties to the early thirties a tentative life; trying here and there, in music, in letters, in ambition, in embryo and fragmentary love episodes, in hard study, in solitude with Nature, to find comfort, I found myself at middle-age in worse plight—still more isolated, without love, without religion, without ambition, without, indeed, any motive for continued existence. Yet I was deliberately retrieved from suicide.

Then, suddenly, there came to me that experience which alone justifies me in the intimacy of what I have written, and which I have written for the unhappy alone; yet before the task of seeking words adequate to contain it, or to give the faintest, poorest hint of its ecstasy, my mind shrinks and my spirit is abashed.

After a day of spiritual anguish I awoke about midnight from a dreamless sleep, and in my consciousness were the words "There is no death." I awoke, I say, but it was no ordinary awaking. The links of my limitations were shattered. I was yet "I," but with powers and capacities suddenly superhumanly recreated, potentially effectual beyond all previous conception. It was as if all my parts had come into flower at once and unitedly realised my ideal. And that which said or, rather, made known "There is no death," said also, "Thus shall you be."

Nature about me was of the same order as we see it, but also delivered from the limitations of imperfection. Everything had developed after its ideal, delighting in growth, and I felt and knew the spirits in the trees and all living things and they knew me as I knew them. And what I knew, I knew at once, not by slow reasoning from one thing to another, but it was immediately apparent.

I was not bodiless, but so exquisitely conceived an instrument of consciousness was it as hardly to obtrude itself save as a sensuous zest to understanding. I was not a spirit using body, but a unity. What I desired I not only did but was, and I was one with Beauty.

Neither was I alone any more. I, even I, was necessary to that world, was an integral part of it, and realised a communion so absolute and universal as to make bankrupt imagination. In the midst of inexpressible felicity, comradeship was the supreme bliss. Love encompassed, welcome thrilled me, though

I neither saw nor heard any creature. But the trees and the grass and the earth welcomed me, and we had all life in common.

No words can tell, nor could any painter set forth, the wonder of colouring in that world, nor the primal clearness of atmosphere. Yet was it no strange world, but this, blossoming in some dewy stainless dawn as might a painter dream his masterpiece. And the life therein was as water singing in the sun. Let each one picture what it might mean to him if the most supremely happy moment in earthly life were to be extended, unfading, vivid, as in mid-career . . . and that is but as humbly like as is a pavement painting to a masterpiece by Watts or Turner.

I, so strangely visiting therein, did not perceive myself in any deed, yet was I neither idle nor at rest. Life flowed into and from me, involving me in ceaseless but splendid and effortless activity; and within it was a sense of carrying on some purpose to some end, though I knew neither end nor purpose. It sufficed to be so generously alive, to be capable of the most profound feats and all imaginable daring, to be strong as a mighty water, vivid as a great flame, tirelessly glad as a lark, unfolded as parched earth to rain.

As suddenly as I had awakened I fell again into dreamless sleep. There was no margin of critical consciousness; the thing was . . . and was not. But in the morning I remembered, and more than remembered all. For throughout the day the dazzlement of it was in my eyes, the delight of it in my heart. I touched the trees, the leaves, with a new and tender understanding. The spoilt and maltreated hedges, the stunted bushes, the imperfect flowers were even as I, and should be even as I. They were my brothers and sisters; they also waited, maimed and sorrowful, without knowledge or hope. For one day I still saw, not "through a glass darkly," but with insight, as if that veil that ever shrouds us from each other was clean lifted up. It has fallen now; but not for ever. I know, beyond forgetting, that there is another vision more greatly surpassing human sight in quality and intensity than the reach of the most powerful telescope surpasses it in extent. Moreover, there have been moments since, at lengthening intervals, when the face of a familiar country has been suddenly transfigured, as love-light transfigures a homely human countenance, and I know that at such times I am eye to eye with the Spirit of Earth.

That day I looked in the faces of the idle, the weary, the sick, the cowed, and said to each, silently: "Deep in your heart there is a blossom that nobody has ever seen. You yourself know but the haunting scent of it. It is your soul's desire, and one day it will outbloom the noblest rose. All that you go lacking shall be fulfilled unto you so only that you desire it. Oh, if I could but show you—show you the humblest fringe of the life that shall be ours, yours and mine. The more you desire, the more you are tormented with hunger and pain of longing for joys never to be tasted here, the more richly shall you inherit of what your soul pictures. Desire greatly, then, ye poor in earth's joys. Only what your soul creates for you here shall you enjoy later. Draw to nourish your ideal every knowledge and understanding, every beauty, every aspiration. Shun no pain of present denial that may paint more vividly the picture of future delight. Do you worship Love? Bring, then, to his shrine the incense of every fresh perception; let all things be to his honour. The more you dream of ecstatic union the more you shall be lashed with existing imperfections and inadequacies, and the torture shall sharpen the outlines and deepen the tints of the dream in the depths of your soul. Raise upon the waste places of your life palaces of aspiration. Build them of the rainbow, of birds' song, of the love that might have shone in eyes you have never seen. Fear not to dream, for only your dreams shall come true. The facts of earth are but the sheath, the winter trappings of the bud, and when Azrael calls they shall part and shrivel up and the young leaf come forth, tender, green and glorious.

L. H. W.

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THE HUMAN TOUCH.

There is dross, alloy and embasement in all human temper; and he flith without wings who thinks to find Ophyr or pure metal in any.—
SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Mankind will not be reasoned out of the feelings of humanity.—
BLACKSTONE. (Commentaries.)

Among the numerous members of the learned professions who, in spite of the frantic opposition of certain vested interests, have begun to investigate psychic evidences and to find them true, is an old University Professor, a man with a wide experience of the world and one who has made his mark in his own line of study. He is keenly interested in the experiments of Dr. Crawford at Belfast, and in conversation with us the other day expressed his wonder that such phenomena had not aroused more interest in the scientific world. As he truly remarked, if a table or any other object can be lifted into the air by an agency unknown to Science (and that is merely to take one out of many phenomenal happenings) then we have a most tremendous fact, demanding the serious attention of physicists. He might well wonder, especially as Dr. Crawford's experiments do not stand alone. They are only carefully verified examples of supernormal occurrences such as have been recorded hundreds of times in other places by other persons during the last fifty years; moreover, they corroborate and extend the well-known researches of Sir William Crookes.

But this attitude of indifference or opposition to new revelations in Religion, or new discoveries in Science, is a very old story. As Artemus Ward remarked, it is wonderful what a lot of human nature there is in the world. And there is a great deal of it both in scientists and pietists. If we could conceive of Religion and Science as majestic Beings—Gods or Genii—we could imagine them smiling from Olympian heights at the antics of some pompous pigmies who claim to speak in their august names, taking those names in vain. The Rationalist—who avoids some of the weaknesses of human nature only to fall into others—charges upon Religion a long catalogue of burnings and slaughterings, rapine and vice. And Science, too, has been called to account for sins less frightful, perhaps, but more cold-blooded—vivisection for instance. Yet neither Religion nor Science can justly be held accountable for the vagaries of their followers. It is human nature which is at fault. But how natural it is! We must be saints, indeed, if we can meet with a smile those whom we suspect to have designs on our personal rights or possessions.

The scientist who opposes us with a snarl is fearful for his cherished systems of force and matter; his religious brother raises a cry of alarm because Psychic Science appears to threaten not only his religious belief but his vocation as a warden of the mysteries of life and death. We still have to show them that our discoveries will really have the effect of enriching the domains of Science and permanently establishing the foundations of Theology. Their hostility arises from the fact that their human nature is really stronger than their religious nature or their scientific nature. For the truly religious mind would have no room in it for fear, bigotry or spiteful resentment, just as the truly scientific mind would have no tincture of prejudice, jealousy or tyranny.

We must never forget, however, that some of our physical phenomena are so "antecedently improbable," so "impossible," that many quite reasonable people think themselves justified in denying them without examination. The small girl in "Punch" when told that an aeroplane was flying overhead replied that she was "fed up" with aeroplanes. And yet within the memory of some very young people amongst us the flying plane was a sight which men would cross half the world to see, and only a little while before that it was so "impossible" that if an aviator had passed over London very few scientists would have been induced to take a short journey to look at him.

Let us not complain too loudly of the unscientific verdicts of scientists. After all, it is better to be human than strictly scientific. The human mind cannot be expected to develop according to plumb and rule. The oppressive exactitude of logic and mathematics must be relieved by something exuberant, erratic and rebellious—something that will rise in a pulpit and shout "Devils!" something that will sit in a study and dismiss a disagreeable fact with a contemptuous "It does not interest me," or a defiant "It is the last thing I will give in to."

But human nature being essentially good, its perversions born of ignorance and misunderstanding are gradually corrected. That is why so many intelligent and fearless minds are now coming our way. For it is just as much a mark of human nature to examine and judge a proposition as to dismiss it without reflection. As the evolution of the human mind proceeds the former attitude will become even more a mark of the truly human character.

Our child-science is born, and its rugged nurses will soon find their task lightened because the infant is growing lustily. Of the Herods who would, an they could, have strangled it in its cradle we may soon be able to say:—

"For they are dead which sought the young child's life"—
Thus one by one the enemies of the race
Who closed with Progress in a deadly strife
Shall come, at last, unto the grave's low place.
And Time shall point us to the ashes grey
Where Persecution's fires have long grown cold,
And lead us where brave Science holds her sway,
While tyrants fester in the weed-grown mould.

IN Mr. H. G. Wells' new book, "God the Invisible King" (Cassell's, 6s. net), we find the ideas of one of our ablest thinkers on the subject of Deity. Mr. Wells appears to see God only as a power operating in and through man, and he sweeps away relentlessly all dogmas and traditions of any deific power outside humanity. The book is strong, vivid, provocative. To us it appeals as one of the final blows delivered at the childish conceptions of an arbitrary, capricious partisan deity still held by many grave and reverend theologians. All the same, Mr. Wells contrives to give us a conception of Deity in which poetry, idealism and transcendentalism have little place. God and Religion must have an emotional as well as an intellectual appeal. So we look upon Mr. Wells' conception of Deity as only one facet of a reality manifested in an infinite variety of ways.

THE DEEPER PROBLEMS OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH.

ADDRESS BY DR. ELLIS T. POWELL.

(Continued from page 174.)

Now your consciousness is your individuality, so far as your individuality is capable of comprehension. Individuality is the totality of your experiences, your thoughts, your personality as influenced, developed, cramped or frustrated by the environment in which you live. But do we know so much about our individuality? Do we really know it at all? I am a man of such a height, such a weight, with hair of a certain colour, and features of a certain type, with a certain intellectual endowment, the result of study and experience, and so forth. But the totality of these characteristics is not I. You can imagine the creation of an exact duplicate of myself, in every respect so perfect that even my wife might be startled into supposing herself the unconscious perpetrator of bigamy. But the duplicate is not I. There is something which would differentiate him utterly from me. For instance, as it has been so put, he could not answer to my name at the Judgment Day. The recording angel would reply, "Thou art *not* the man I called." But if you were there and attempted to define *why* he was not, you would find the definition beyond you. The affirmation of the uniqueness of our nearest and dearest, of our child, of our wife, of our mother, of our friend, is always an attempt—but a fruitless and inadequate attempt—to express an individuality, or, in other words, to define something which goes beyond science and beyond abstract thinking. In all our human efforts to define an individuality we never get beyond the conception of a type. We are conscious that our friend is something more than a type of personality, and in our profounder consciousness we know quite well what he is, but yet we fail utterly when we attempt definition. Once again, to quote Professor James, "We never meet this real presence of an individual at any time as a fact of science. It eludes our direct observation, for it is a form of being that belongs to a far higher sphere than that of any immediate experience. Only an Infinite process can show me who and what I am." So that individuality, while for us it is the most real thing in the world, nevertheless remains the elusive goal of an eternal quest. Demonstrate that the individual survives, and you are instantly confronted with the deeper query—what *is* the individual?

Notice how this view of individuality is beginning to colour all our modern social science, and consider in that light what an immense contribution psychic science is going to make to its further and profounder evolution. There is an economic principle which tells us that almost invariably the longest way round is the shortest way home. But do you think that ideal is going to be confined to material and terrestrial circumstances? Obviously not. If psychic science demonstrates man's survival of death and his ultimate entrance into a realm where his faculties would have immensely enhanced opportunities of healthy functioning, then it is going to dawn upon the whole human race as a mere scientific postulate that life here is indeed a school for the life beyond. Instead of being the end it is discerned as the beginning; instead of being the summit, it is but the commencement of the climb. The whole aspect is changed, and new factors, immeasurable in potency of expectation and exhilaration, are substituted for blank hopelessness or feeble faith.

What of the war? Surely we do not err in our belief that the struggle, with all its splendid sacrifice and all its lofty inspiration, is the result of a gathering and concentration, eventuating into a tremendous uprush of psychic energy, the forerunner, in all probability, of a new revelation to mankind, in the shape of a deeper comprehension of Christian truth. Look how the new psychic knowledge is colouring one of the gravest problems of the hour, a question that is in every mind, the alternative between monarchy and republicanism. No sooner do we look at the British Monarchy than we see that it is no longer the personal sway of a clever man, as in Norman

days, nor yet a supposedly Divine, hereditary right, as in later ages, nor yet the glorified marionette show which was the Hanoverian ideal, with the King as a sort of gilded popinjay.

NO PERSONAL MONARCHY.

The British Kingship is no longer a personal monarchy. The Allied Empires—Britain and her Dominions—need no centralised personal seignior, based upon the superstitious adulation of a physical man or woman, to keep their steadfast faces turned towards the rising sun of human progress. Three of them rule themselves, and the fourth—India—enjoys the utmost practicable measure of political liberty. The idea of the King, as the exalted head of a caste apart from the rest of humanity, has been replaced by the knowledge that he is, in our age, only the adumbration of a mystic psychological entity, far more real than if it were a physical being. Behind the mortal figure of the King looms the immortal sublimity of the Imperial Self. That it is a deathless spiritual identity, an actual psychic personality, sacramental in its mystery and potency, we need not hesitate to affirm. Hither the devotion of the allied Empires ever turns. Contemplating one of our great State ceremonials, the proverbial visitor from another planet might imagine that he witnessed a nation doing homage to its King. But, in truth, both King and nation would be bowed in reverent salutation before a supreme Imperial Intelligence psychically generated by the patriotic yearnings of unnumbered men, which is greater than the King, and is destined to survive, in beneficent activity, long after the individual King and his people alike have been gathered to their fathers. To remove the Kingship is to take the Keystone from the Imperial arch, the linch-pin from the Imperial chariot wheel. The day when that is done will witness the beginnings of a catastrophe which will end with a down-dashed Empire where once stood the puissant world-power that dared handgrips with the might of Prussia.

THE SWAY OF THE IMPERIAL SOUL.

No transient physical personality, flitting across this mortal stage, and passing away almost before its lineaments have been discerned, could have evoked the magnificent enthusiasm of the great Dominions, perhaps the most tremendous and transcendent of all the giant phenomena of the war. And it is surely not coincidence, but design, which at this supreme crisis in world history has joined under one Imperial flag the fearless and practised Indian adepts of Eastern mysticism and the restless British conquerors of the material resources of the earth. Have we not in that alliance, consummated under the majesticegis of the Imperial Self, radiantly immortal in the background, another reminder of the splendid destiny that is before us, and of the inscrutable Pilotage which has guided our forefathers, and still guides ourselves, towards it?

I believe that the evolved British Kingship, as we know it to-day, has in it the germ of a sacramental efficacy as the focus of an Empire's devotion, the radiant point of an Empire's joyous hope. But if it is to rise to the level of its transcendent potentialities, the King must fling off the thralldom of the unscrupulous schemers whom we class as politicians, as well as their even more dangerous co-operators, the vast armies of official idlers who live on the rates and taxes. You cannot build spiritual achievement upon a system of legalised nepotism and heartless plunder.

Here I must pause. If I have opened before you vistas which seem almost immeasurable in their vastness, hopes which must require an eternity for their realisation, truths which must occupy ages in their investigation and comprehension, even with the aid of our tireless co-operators on the other side of life—well, I can only plead that in eternal progress lies the only satisfaction for the aspiring spirit of man. Now, and for ever

A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?

If the Purpose operating in evolution "is not defined from the beginning, but susceptible of development," then we must develop with it, not only here, but in the psychic planes whither we must all soon depart. What is it that has been so beauti-

fully said of all those brave spirits who have offered the supreme sacrifice for King and country?

To them cometh our great Lord God, master of every trade, And tells them tales of *His* daily toil, of Edens newly made; And they rise to their feet as He passes by, gentlemen unafraid

—unafraid because their very presence in that Land of Hope and Glory demonstrates them fellow-workers with Him in the great advance, not alone on the Western front, but on the whole cosmic front, from planet to planet, sun to sun, and island-universe to island-universe, over the whole inconceivable immensity of creation. And the further the psychic researcher goes, the more sure do his footsteps become. He shares the unshakable confidence of the ancient saint, who said, in words that have voiced for centuries the faith of Christendom, "O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, I shall never be confounded"; for he *has* trusted in God, and he has *not* been confounded.

BEYOND THE REALM OF THE INTELLECT.

In modern times the intellect has come to be credited with a capacity and right to reveal and establish for us even the highest truth it is possible for man to reach. . . . The intellect really has neither the capacity nor the right to manufacture final truths independently of the finality of a higher experience that lies beyond its limited province. Ultimately, all truths or realities must be experienced; they cannot be argued out. . . . Suppose the intellect preambles all the exercise of its authority in the domain of science and philosophy with the confession that the highest truth is a truth of experience lying beyond itself and that it functions merely as an indispensable makeshift in the absence of that experience, what are the benefits that would accrue to our culture from this correct intellectual attitude? In the first place, the growing conflict between the narrow empiricism of science and the proud rationalism of philosophy would come to an end. For not only the province of science as lying within the limits of our experience of matter and force would then be recognised, but degrees of supersensuous experience of matter and force would be admitted, fruitfully enlarging thereby the scientific views of substance and causality and rendering it possible to have a more final restatement and systematisation of scientific conclusions. . . . Finally, the confession of the modern intellect of its intrinsic inability to reach the highest truth would bring into our life and culture the real import and sublimity of religion.—"Prabuddha Bharata."

THE WORLD TO COME: A JOURNALIST'S FANCY.

Discoursing in a recent issue of the "Star" on "Talk and Talkers," "Alpha of the Plough" remarks:—

It was a favourite fancy of Samuel Rogers that "perhaps in the next world the use of words may be dispensed with—that our thoughts may stream into each other's minds without any verbal communication." It is an idea which has its attractions. It would save time and effort, and would preserve us from the misunderstandings which the clumsy instrument of speech involves.

"Alpha," however, does not share the poet's hope, for he writes:—

I fancy the next world will be like this, only better. I think it will resound with the familiar speech of our earthly pilgrimage, and that in any shady walk or among any of the fields of asphodel over which we wander we may light upon the great talkers of history, and share in their eternal disputation. There, under some spreading oak or beech, I shall hope to see Carlyle and Tennyson, or Lamb and Hazlitt and Coleridge, or Johnson laying down the law to Langton and Burke and Beauchamp, with Boszzy taking notes, or Ben Jonson and Shakespeare continuing those combats of the Mermaid Tavern described by Fuller—the one mighty and lumbering like a Spanish galleon, the other swift and supple of movement like an English frigate—or Chaucer and his Canterbury pilgrims still telling tales on an eternal May morning.

A THING is never re-told as it is told, and never told as it actually happened.—G. D.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

CONSOLING PROOFS OF A LIFE BEYOND.

By H. A. DALLAS.

The following case seems to me to be of considerable evidential value and calculated to bring comfort to those who have suffered bereavement.

Two friends of mine are concerned in the experience. Mrs. Groves (pseudonym) is one of my most intimate friends, a rather critical student of psychical phenomena; she has become convinced of the reality of communication from the other side only after long study and repeated experiences. I am absolutely certain that she would be scrupulously cautious not to stultify evidence by giving any unintentional clues when in the presence of a medium.

Mrs. Trent (pseudonym) is also a friend of mine of some years' standing; we have never met, but we have corresponded from time to time. She is a natural psychic, clairvoyant and clairaudient, and I have on more than one occasion had evidence of her supernormal faculties. These ladies have not met each other, but they have frequently corresponded. Mrs. Groves' son passed over some years ago; Mrs. Trent's son laid down his life in Gallipoli (having been previously wounded some months before, he still felt the discomfort of the old wound).

Edwin H. Trent was in the Australian division: he fell on August 6th, 1915; but it was many weeks before any of his friends received tidings of his passing. He was an only child.

His mother, who lives in England (not in London), wrote to Mrs. Groves as follows:—

On Sunday evening, November 25th, 1915, while father and I were sitting in the dining-room together, Edwin came. . . . He told us that all he can remember of his passing is that he was in the middle of a great "scrum" on the battlefield—"Lone Pine," Dardanelles—when he heard "J.B.S." calling him to come quickly as he was wanted immediately. Edwin had been for many years accustomed to travelling in the "excarate body" so was not surprised at the summons, but simply slipped out of his earthly frame and obeyed the call. When he had finished the work for which he was wanted, "J. B. S." told him that he had now done with this earthly body and was in future to work without its limitations. Edwin added: "I was jolly glad, for my shoulder that was wounded in the spring was often very troublesome—not that it mattered, it was all in the day's work."

When he was wounded in the *spring* of 1915, and while his body was asleep in the hospital, he came to us and told us that he would be all right that time, but that he would be released before the end of the war, and that I "had better get those things ready" so as not to be "fussed" when the news of his transition came. The "things" to which he alluded were the little memorial leaflets I intended to have printed when I should hear that he was "free." . . . He did seem so glad to be rid of his "bothering earth body," as he called it. He was always impatient of it when a child, and at the age of eleven wrote the lines which I afterwards had printed on the memorial leaflet:—

"The world is like a tailor's shop,
Where overcoats you buy;
And you are sent into the world
To lead good lives—then die.

"But death is *not* a horrid thing,
As some of you suppose;
But only is the casting off
Of your worn-out old clothes."

On December 1st, 1916, Mrs. Trent received a letter from Mrs. Groves. She wrote:—

On Thursday last I went with a friend to Mr. Vango to try for a message from someone unknown to me who had recently passed over under painful circumstances, and my visit was entirely for the sake of the bereaved. There was very little given from the source expected, and we were disappointed. Suddenly the control left this subject and gave a striking description of my dear son, with a few evidential messages, and added that he was accompanied by a younger man, who was also described, and the description recalled to me your Edwin's portrait which you sent to me last year. I did not say that I recognised it as

"J.B.S." is a mutual friend, well-known to Mrs. Trent, Mrs. Groves and myself; he would be sure to be interested in what might befall Edwin H. Trent. He passed over a few years ago.

all, but asked if the name could be given. After a short pause, the control said: "Eddy—no Ed—Edwin, and he wants to give you a 'test' message for his mother." "He passed out very quickly . . . no pain." Again a pause . . . then, "Give mother love from Edwin. . . I want her to hear again that my end was quick, and that I did not suffer. I did not know at first that I was 'dead,' and when I awoke I was surrounded by good friends. My first thoughts were of mother, and I was with her. She does not grieve, but I want her to know from an independent source that I am very happy and very busy—helping where help is needed." A pause, then "Love to grandpa, dear old man; he was always kind to me. Tell him his health will be better." Another pause, then "Jimmie." (Is this name connected with Edwin? It was not recognised by us.) Then Mr. Vango's control continued:

"He is holding up a tunic for some special reason, and now shows a badge as a token."

Edwin then thanked me for taking the message for you (for of course I had said I would gladly send it to you) and then went away. The rest of the sitting was taken up by my own son's messages to me.

I think the part relating to Edwin is very remarkable, as of course Mr. Vango knew nothing of the circumstances, nor of you, nor of Edwin. Indeed, he does not even know my name. And our visit to him was only decided on a few minutes before we went to his house.

I hope you will find it really a "test" message.

G.

On this letter Mrs. Trent comments as follows:—

When I received this letter from Mrs. Groves I found it confirmed the communication I had received from Edwin in 1915, but I did not think the expression "when I awoke" could have been used by Edwin as he had been well used to the "other side" long before he put off his earthly uniform, and also, from what he had told me, I knew he had not gone to sleep on his transition, but went straight on with his work—no longer inconvenienced by the "body of limitations." He is too busy now to come often to me, but I managed to get in touch with him and to ask him what he did say. He replied, "I said—when I realised my condition"—not "when I awoke." I informed Mrs. Groves of this, and she referred to her notes—for the whole message had been given slowly so that she could take it down at the time—and found that she had written correctly "when I realised my condition" at the time of sitting, but having written to me from memory without referring to her notes, had herself made the mistake—not Mr. Vango's control through whom Edwin gave the message for me. All the rest had been faithfully remembered.

Mrs. Groves was much impressed by Edwin's statement that I do not grieve, because, as a rule, the messages given through Mr. Vango are so full of consolation; but this was so evidently intended as a test message to one who would understand.

"Jimmie" was Edwin's school chum here, a fact of course quite unknown to Mrs. Groves or Mr. Vango.

The tunic and badge shown separately were tests in themselves. I had written to Edwin asking him to send me an Australian badge. He replied that he would do so later, but that all the men had been ordered to give up their badges, buttons, &c., at Lesbos, before they went into the Gallipoli trenches. Shortly after writing this he received his promotion, or in other words was "killed in action." But I was able to procure the badge I wanted, and I always wear it, so Edwin knew I should at once recognise the "test" in his message.

Edwin was remarkably correct as regards "grandpa's health." He has been suffering with his eyes (which at eighty-four is serious) but is nearly all right again now. Edwin is also absolutely correct in saying that I "do not grieve." Why should I, when I do not believe in Death, but in Life Everlasting—in a better uniform than that of earth?

I have never seen Mrs. Groves though we correspond occasionally; and I have never seen Mr. Vango, who knows nothing of me. The whole incident was absolutely unexpected by Mrs. Groves and myself.

M. J. T.

At a later date Mrs. Groves received another letter from Mrs. Trent, in which she wrote:—

One of my nephews was wounded and in hospital in France, where we hoped he was recovering, but, owing to letters being held up, we did not get them until the middle of the first week in December. Before their arrival—on the evening of Saturday, December 2nd, 1916, I saw him as if about to leave his mortal body, and was told that there was serious brain injury which would be permanent if he lived. On Sunday, December 3rd, during Litany in church, I saw R. again, looking all right and

in full uniform. He said, in a very shy voice, "Auntie, I am free." He also added that he was "jolly glad."

It was not until the morning of December 4th that we heard by telegram to D. from France, that in the evening or night of December 1st, R. had passed on to higher service.

As you know, most of what is said, or shown to me, is in full daylight. I never sit in the dark.

M. J. T.

These experiences are written for "our learning that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, may have hope." Surely these words, originally applied to experiences of the Hebrew people, may, with reverence, be equally applied to occurrences such as the above. The latter, like the former, are not merely intended for the private comfort of those to whom they refer, but they bear witness to truths precious to us all. It is because my friends realise this that they gave me permission to use the experience in any way that might be useful.

THE LATE MR. MASKELYNE AND PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

BY THE REV. CHARLES L. TWEEDALE.

The late Mr. Maskelyne never exposed the Davenport Brothers, nor did he ever reproduce the phenomena manifested through the Davenports, and afterwards through Mr. Fay. He certainly did bring forward an absurd travesty of these phenomena in feeble imitation of the real thing, but never under the same conditions as those of the Davenport Brothers, or Mr. Fay.

There was as much difference between Maskelyne's imitation and Davenports' or Fay's reality as there is between chalk and cheese. My friend, the late Sir Hiram Maxim, took a keen interest in this matter, and had many opportunities of seeing the Davenport cabinet phenomena in the United States. He was often on the stage as one of the committee of investigation, and accompanied by the smartest conjurers, detectives, and mechanicians that could be found, but was invariably completely baffled, and never could gain the slightest inkling of how the phenomena could be produced by normal or material means.

He offered rewards both in the U.S.A. and this country for information as to how the phenomena could be reproduced materially, but no information was ever forthcoming. He attended many alleged exposures of the methods of the Davenport Brothers, but in every case, to use his own words, they were "all humbug." He specially went to see Maskelyne and Cooke on this matter, but again to use his own words, "There was not the slightest resemblance to what I had seen performed in Massachusetts and Connecticut. I am strongly of the opinion to-day that Mr. Maskelyne would be quite unable to go on a new stage, with a firm new floor and no apparatus save a light box, and perform what I saw done. So far, Mr. Maskelyne has utterly failed to understand or explain this extraordinary performance."

Sir Hiram publicly challenged Mr. Maskelyne to reproduce what he had seen in the States as produced by the Davenport Brothers, and by Mr. Fay (who was at one time associated with them), under the same conditions, and offered him £20 if he could do it. This challenge appeared in the "Strand Magazine" a few years back. Sir Hiram there describes what he saw, and what he challenged Maskelyne to reproduce under the same conditions.

Mr. Fay was securely bound to a chair by twenty yards of strong new rope. This binding was done by a professional ship rigger. Every knot was sealed with sealing wax, and the binding was so effective that, in Sir Hiram's own words, "the chair and the man formed one piece." Mr. Fay, thus bound, was lifted into a light wood cabinet supported on four cane-seat chairs on a brilliantly lighted stage, with the investigating committee standing around. The wood cabinet was made of light match-boarding, and was thoroughly searched and perforated by pen-knives before Mr. Fay was put into it. Mr. Fay's hands were then filled with dried peas, as many as he could hold, and his feet placed upon sheets of paper, and their position marked by running a pencil round them.

Finally, a tall goblet of water was filled to the brim and balanced on his head. A number of bells and musical instruments were then put in the cabinet. When all was ready, and the stage brilliantly lighted, the doors of the cabinet were closed. Instantly all the bells rang and all the musical instruments played, and one by one were thrown through a little window in the cabinet on to the stage, and a hand waved at the opening for a moment. The committee standing round rushed forward and opened the doors, only to find Mr. Fay securely bound, all the sealed knots unbroken, not a pea dropped, not a drop of water spilled, and his feet in exactly the position marked on the paper. This was repeated scores of times to the utter baffling of every person who tried to solve the mystery.

Maskelyne was challenged to produce the same result under the same conditions. He failed to come up to the scratch because he knew perfectly well that he could not do it. The forces involved in this matter are psychic and cannot be successfully reproduced by any conjurer using material means. It will be remembered how Maskelyne also failed to reproduce a materialisation some years ago, thereby losing the £1,000 offered by the late Archdeacon Colley. His attempt as exhibited on the stage was described by the eminent scientist Alfred Russel Wallace as a ridiculous travesty of the real thing. The fatuous nonsense also retailed by Maskelyne about psychic raps being produced by "surgical instruments" will only deceive those entirely ignorant of the subject.

THE HUGH LANE CASE.

AN EVIDENTIAL CASE FROM SIR WILLIAM BARRETT'S
NEW BOOK.

Under the title, "Another Famous Scientist Defends Spiritualism," the "Weekly Dispatch" prints a lengthy notice of Sir William Barrett's new book, "On the Threshold of the Unseen," and cites several of the evidential cases given in the volume. Amongst these is the "Hugh Lane" case, the experience of Mrs. Travers Smith, wife of a well-known Dublin physician and daughter of the late Professor Dowden, which is thus related by her:—

On the evening of the day on which news had come that the "Lusitania" was reported sinking, Mr. Lennox Robinson and I sat at the onija board, the Rev. Savill Hicks taking the record. We did not know that Sir Hugh Lane was on board. We were both personal friends of his and knew he was in America, but had no idea he was coming back so soon. Our usual "control" came, and then the words, "Pray for the soul of Hugh Lane." I asked, "Who is speaking?" The reply was, "I am Hugh Lane." He gave us an account of the sinking of the ship, and said it was "a peaceful end to an exciting life."

At this point we heard the stop-press evening paper called in the street, and Mr. Robinson ran down and bought a paper. I went out of the room to meet him, and he pointed to the name of Sir Hugh Lane among the passengers. We were both much disturbed, but continued the sitting. Sir Hugh gave me messages for mutual friends and ended this sitting by saying: "I did not suffer; I was drowned and felt nothing."

The comment of Sir William Barrett is: "This is a very evidential case, for no information of the death of Sir Hugh Lane was given until some days later."

THE man who is convinced that perfect truth and perfect beauty are identical, that the truth when fully manifested is beautiful, and that the beautiful is true, can afford to let go his own theories of existence and to learn from the facts, without anxiety, knowing that all facts are notes in the great chorale of the Cosmos.—"Objections to Spiritualism Answered," by H. A. DALLAS.

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.—On another page will be found Dr. Crawford's account of a new experiment conducted by him at the Goligher circle in Belfast. For the benefit of new readers it may be mentioned that the descriptions of most of his previous experiments, given in *LIGHT* during 1915 and 1916, are now published in book form under the title "The Reality of Physical Phenomena" (Watkins), and can be obtained at this office, price 4s. 6d. net (post free 4s. 11d.).

FROM A READER OF "RAYMOND."

THE VOICE OF GRATEFUL RECOGNITION.

There is an ancient maxim that wisdom lies midway between two extremes. "Raymond" has been attacked by materialists and High Church bishops with about equal vehemence, and the obvious inference should be at least some little consolation to Sir Oliver Lodge. Moreover, there is a large body of feeling on his side, though mostly silent; for, again, wisdom is not always with those who talk most. But we frequently hear thoughtful people say how greatly "Raymond" has comforted and helped them, and it is a pity that this appreciation cannot be given more publicity. We have, however, seen a copy of one letter which a friend of our cause has sent to Sir Oliver, and we venture to quote it as typical of many. In the course of the letter, which is dated the 10th April, the writer says:—

The insolent attacks that have been made on you and your book, "Raymond," in some of the papers induce one woman, who owes you a debt of gratitude never to be repaid in this life, to write and tell you that your books have been her greatest help during the latter part of a long life, and now that she is nearing the end of her earthly pilgrimage your "Raymond" has shed a bright light over the valley beyond.

Whether the world at large is yet ripe for Spiritualism she doubts. She has seen terrible results from its pursuit, and she thinks that those to whom it has been a blessing and not a curse cannot be careful enough to impress upon the careless and weak-minded the extreme danger of meddling with matters that their judgment is not balanced enough to cope with.

I pray almost daily for God's blessing on you and for His guidance on your work that all that is good in Spiritualism may grow and prosper, and all that is evil perish.

AN ECHO OF THE PAST: A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE.

Mr. James Watson, of Willaston, near Nantwich, to whom we have been already indebted for the narrative of a striking psychic experience, relates a tragic incident which happened when he was a lad of fifteen, living with his parents at Hackney, and which had a remarkable sequel. It was a Saturday afternoon in summer-time. An elder brother from Liverpool, who was spending his holiday with the family, had gone for a row on the river Lea. Our correspondent was in a house in London, chatting with some friends, when he distinctly heard a voice, which he could not identify, though it seemed quite familiar to him, call him several times by his Christian name. He asked his companions whether they also heard it, and was assured that they had not. A feeling of coldness came over him. He looked up at the clock over the chimney-piece: it was three minutes to four. When he reached home tea was ready laid on the table. His father, who had gone to pay some visits, had not returned, but he put in an appearance shortly afterwards. They waited some time for the brother to arrive, but as he did not show up they had tea without him. When seven o'clock came and the young man was still missing the father bade James put on his cap and accompany him to the river. They had not gone far when the man manifested such keen distress that the boy's curiosity was excited, and he then learned that his father had had that afternoon a similar experience to his own and this had filled him with the direst foreboding. The foreboding was fully justified, for they arrived at the boathouse only to learn from the boatmen that the light skiff in which the young man had gone out had capsized, that its occupant was drowned, and that his body was then lying in a shed of an hotel some distance away. The painful task of identifying the corpse followed. Among the articles found on it and handed over to the family was the young man's watch. It had stopped at seven minutes to four. Now for the sequel. Mr. Watson states that about fifteen years ago—many years after the events above narrated—he was at a Spiritualist meeting not far from Willaston and stayed to the after meeting. The medium described to him a young man standing by him, but he could not at the moment recognise who it could be. Then she added, "Don't you remember a voice calling you—now many years ago, when you were in London? It was a Saturday afternoon. Don't you recollect looking up at the clock and noting that it was three minutes to four?" At once the past flashed back into his recollection, and with it came the comforting assurance that life and memory and affection persist beyond the incident of physical death.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

In her new book, "Canada, the Spell-Binder," dealing with the great Dominion, Miss Lilian Whiting devotes a chapter to the famous silver mines of Cobalt. In the course of her description she refers to the remarkable invention of Mr. A. T. Heydon, known as the clairoscope. It is the outcome of some thirty years' experiments in connection with the divining rod, the powers of which, by the way, have been tested with success by Sir William Barrett. The clairoscope is the diviner for substances in the earth. To quote from the book:—

Fitted with one or another substance attached, it [the clairoscope] turns to that which corresponds with the given thing attached. Mr. Heydon calls the instrument the clairo-scope, and the result obtained the clairum. . . . is the counterpart of the spectrum. The latter is limited to the luminous, the former to the non-luminous rays. . . . Mr. Heydon's researches are based on his conviction that everything, organic and inorganic, from electrons to the mighty universe itself, is surrounded by a sphere; that these spheres blend and combine "in accordance with the laws of force-centres," but that in all combinations "they retain their identity as do rays of light." He believes that the distinctive energy that operates the clairoscope is a higher dynamic energy—nothing less, indeed, than that vital force which is characteristic of all life. "A name must be found," he says, "for this vital force which is rhythmically circulating throughout the universe, forming the pulse of existence. The dream of the alchemist is founded in the nature of things, continues Mr. Heydon, "and will be realised when mankind shall have discovered the simple process of polarising and depolarising electrons at will."

Miss Whiting states that while it is not possible to conjecture to what degree Mr. Heydon's theories will bear the test of his future investigations, the clairoscope has been used to some extent with success in locating minerals.

* * *

From that remarkable book, "The Anatomy of Truth," by F. Hugh Capron, a copy of which will shortly be placed in the L.S.A. Library, we print this week some eloquent passages on a subject which has long interested the thoughtful Spiritualist. He knows, for example, that certain people have the gift of prophecy, and this at once raises questions not only of "providence, foreknowledge, will and fate," but also of the nature of time. Diotima told Socrates that "Love bridges the chasm," a saying which, having been applied to the gulf of death, might also be held to include the "abysm of Time." Mr. Capron, as will be seen, considers Time from the standpoint of the emotions, and finds in it the opposite of the idea of "state." The idea of the emotions as being independent of the time factor is a familiar one in poetry. Take Bailey's well-known lines from "Festus": "We live in deeds

not years, in thoughts not breaths, In feelings not in figures on a dial"; or Adelaide Procter's beautiful poem in which a spirit's penance of a thousand years was concentrated into a few moments. The fact that we have to bring everything to the test of human consciousness should make us careful, for human consciousness is as much subject to the flux of things as aught else. The one exception to this flux is that absolute Reality which we dimly cognise under all externals. Johnson thought he had disposed of Berkeley when he kicked a stone along the street in the presence of the admiring Boswell. But the philosopher's foot was not the "touchstone" of Reality. Nevertheless we think with Mr. Capron that in the emotions, and in Love, the greatest of them all, we shall find the solution of all our mental problems—and perhaps, *vice-versa*, wisdom will solve for us the problem of the emotions.

* * *

While we are careful not to charge upon Religion or Science the follies and fallacies of their followers, we cannot always be mute regarding the blunders made by "authorities" past and present when speaking in the names of those great institutions. Here are some confident statements, the value of which may be judged in the light of present-day knowledge. They were received as gospel by the multitude at one time:—

1. If the earth were spherical in form there must be people on the opposite side of the earth walking with their heads downwards like flies on a ceiling, and as such a condition is impossible the earth cannot be round.

2. If the earth rotated daily all the water on the earth would be flung off, and as the ocean remains on earth, therefore the earth does not rotate.

3. To assert that a steamship can cross the Atlantic is absurd. It is impossible that it can carry sufficient coals to perform the feat: therefore I will undertake to eat any steamship, coals and all, that crosses the Atlantic.

[The great philosopher who made this statement put his ideas on the subject in a pamphlet, some copies of which were taken to New York on the first steamship that crossed to America.]

4. Any man who states that an engine can travel twenty miles an hour on rails must be a lunatic.

5. This so-called mesmerism is nothing but a trick and an imposition. The persons who practise it are impostors and those who believe in it are fools.

Finally, there is a proposition the absurdity of which has yet to be completely exposed. It is a favourite position with a body of people who are called rationalists, apparently on the principle *lucus a non lucendo*. (One cannot call them fools, because it is said that experience teaches fools, and experience never seems to teach the rationalist anything.) Here it is:—

6. Psychic phenomena (so-called) are merely the work of conjurers and tricksters where they are not pure delusion. Those persons who think otherwise are feeble-minded men and women who are incompetent as observers, easily deluded, and in consequence of believing such things are at once to be ignored as competent or truthful witnesses.

THE daimons [spirits] direct man often in the quality of guardian spirits in all his actions, as witness the daimon of Socrates.—PLATO.

LOST ATLANTIS.

SOME ALLEGED DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCES.

A very long time ago, moved by some allusions in *LIGHT* to the question of "Lost Atlantis," Mr. Thomas Colson, of 2263, Harrison Avenue, San Diego, Cal., U.S.A., sent us the following notes on Atlantis, the bulk of which he had been at the trouble to transcribe from "The Los Angeles Examiner." We found a difficulty in accepting some of the statements made, notably that which refers to the inscription on the bronze vase and other objects as being "From the King Chronos of Atlantis." *Chronos*, of course, is Greek, and presumably therefore not Atlantean, and we were not at all sure that the ancient inhabitants of Atlantis called their continent by that name. Still, assuming the genuineness of the story, it may have been a free translation. We asked Mr. Colson to make some inquiries into the truth of the story, but in this he was not successful. It is not new. We believe some years ago the English Press had some allusion to it, but as we have never heard of any contradiction, we give it for what it is worth, together with Mr. Colson's comments. It seems not improbable that one of the "two great French geological experts" referred to by Dr. Paul Schliemann is M. Pierre Termier mentioned in Mr. J. H. Van Stone's address on Atlantis, reported in *LIGHT* of March 17th (p. 85). (M. Pierre Termier's paper on Atlantis is in the last report of the Smithsonian Institution, a copy of which is in our possession.) If this be so some colour is lent to a story which, in the absence of complete verification, we publish with reserve. If it is a romance it is not without ingenuity.

A short time before Dr. Heinrich Schliemann, the great archaeologist and discoverer of ancient Troy, died in Naples in 1890, he left a sealed package in the care of one of his closest friends. The package bore this endorsement: "This can be opened only by a member of my family who solemnly vows to devote his life to the researches outlined therein."

An hour before he died he asked for a pencil and piece of paper, and wrote with a trembling hand: "Confidential additions to the sealed package. Break the owl-headed vase. Pay attention to the contents. It concerns Atlantis. Important. It proves the system. Night approaches. Farewell."

This was enclosed in an envelope and given to the nurse, with directions to send it to the friend who had charge of the package. The package and envelope were then deposited with the Bank of France, where they remained until 1906, when the grandson, Dr. Paul Schliemann, took the required vow and broke the seals. Within the package were a number of documents and photographs. The first document, in part, read as follows:—

"Whoever opens this must solemnly swear to carry out the work which I have left unfinished. I have come to the conclusion that Atlantis was not only a great territory between America and the West Coast of Africa and Europe, but the cradle of our civilisation. There has been much dispute among scientists on this matter. According to one group the tradition of Atlantis is purely fictional, founded upon fragmentary accounts of a Deluge, some thousands of years before the Christian era. Others declare the tradition wholly historical, but incapable of absolute proof.

"In the included material, records, notes and explanations, are to be found the proofs that exist in my mind of the matter. Whoever takes charge of this mission is solemnly bound to continue my researches and to form a definite statement, using as well the matter I leave with this, and crediting me with my just dues in the discovery. A special fund is deposited in the Bank of France to be paid to the bearer of the enclosed receipt, and this should pay the expenses of the research. The Almighty be with this great effort.—HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN."

EXTRACTS FROM SCHLIEMANN'S DOCUMENTS.

"When, in 1873, I made the excavations of the ruins of Troy at Hisarlik, and discovered in the second city the famous 'Treasure of Priam,' I found among that treasure a peculiar bronze vase of great size. Within it were several pieces of pottery, various small images of peculiar metal, coins of the same metal, and objects made of fossilised bone. Some of these objects and the bronze vase were engraved with a sentence in Phœnician hieroglyphics. The sentence read: 'From the King Chronos of Atlantis.'

"You can imagine my excitement! Here was the first, the very first material evidence of that great continent whose legend has lived for ages throughout the world. This material

I kept secret, eager to make it the base of investigations which I felt would prove of infinitely more importance than the discovery of a hundred Troys.

"In 1883 I found in the Louvre a collection of objects excavated from Tiahuanaca, in Central America. Among these I discovered pieces of pottery of exactly the same shape and material, and objects of fossilised bone which reproduced, line for line, those that I had found in the bronze vase of the 'Treasure of Priam.' The similarity could not be a coincidence. The shape and decorations were too complex for that. It is beyond the range of coincidence for two artists in widely separated countries as Central America and Crete to make two vases—I mention only one of the objects—of exactly the same shape, the same size, and with curious owl heads arranged in just the same way on each.

"The Central American vases had no Phœnician character upon them, nor writing of any sort. I hurried away to examine my own objects, and by tests and exhaustive examination became convinced that the inscriptions had been made by other hands after the objects had been manufactured.

"I secured pieces of these simulacra from Tiahuanaca and subjected them to chemical and microscopic analysis. The tests proved conclusively that both the Central American vases and those from Troy had been made from the same peculiar clay, and I learned later, further, and definitely, that this clay does not exist either in Old Phœnicia or in Central America.

"The metal objects I had analysed because I could not recognise what they were made of. The metal was unlike any I had ever seen. The chemical analysis showed the material to be platinum, aluminum, and copper—a combination never before found in the remains of the ancients, and unknown to-day.

"Objects, then, perfectly similar, and having unquestionably a common source, were found in such widely separated countries as these. The objects themselves are not Phœnician, Mycenaean, nor Central American. What is the conclusion? That they came to both places from a common centre. The inscription on my objects gave that centre—it was Atlantis.

"That the objects were held in great veneration is shown by their presence among the 'Treasures of Priam,' and the special receptacle that held them. Their character left no doubt that they were objects of sacred ceremonies, and from the same temple. Were they the remains of a worship which had existed on Atlantis, and which that great land had impressed upon colonies and countries as far apart as ancient Crete and Central America? Were these things sent out by the motherland just as Bibles are sent out from Christendom to-day—and as statues of Isis and her paraphernalia were sent out by Egypt to her colonies?

"This extraordinary discovery, and my failing health, induced me to push more rapidly my investigations. I found in the museum of St. Petersburg one of the oldest papyrus rolls in existence. It was written in the reign of a Pharaoh of the second dynasty, 4,571 years B.C. It contains a description of how the Pharaoh named sent out an expedition 'to the West' in search of traces of 'the land Atlantis,' whence 3,500 years ago the ancestors of the Egyptians arrived, carrying with them all the wisdom of their native lands. The expedition returned after five years with the report that they had found neither people nor objects which could give them a clue to the vanished land. Another papyrus in the same museum, written by Manetho, the Egyptian historian, gives a period of 13,800 years as the reign of the sages of Atlantis. The papyrus places this at the very beginning of Egyptian history. It approximates 16,000 years ago.

"An inscription which I excavated at the Lion's Gate at Mycenae, in Crete, recites that Misor, from whom, according to the inscription, the Egyptians were descended, was the child of 'Taant, or Thoth,' the God of History, and that 'Taant' was the emigrated son of a 'Priest of Atlantis,' who, having fallen in love with a daughter of King Chronos, escaped, and after many wanderings landed in Egypt. He built the first temple at Taïs, and there taught the wisdom of his native land.

"One of the tablets of my Trojan excavation gives also a medical treatise of the Egyptian priests—for there was communication between Crete and Egypt for many centuries—in the removal of cataract from the eye and ulcer from the intestines by means of surgery. I have read almost a similar formula in a Spanish manuscript in Berlin, whose writer took it from an Aztec priest in Mexico. That priest had obtained it from an ancient Mayan manuscript.

"In coming to my conclusion, I must say that neither the Egyptians nor the Mayan race—who made the civilisation of Central America before the Aztecs—were great navigators. They had no ships to cross the Atlantic, nor did they. We can dismiss the agency of the Phœnicians as a real link between the two hemispheres, yet the similarity of Egyptian and Mayan life and civilisation is so perfect that it is impossible to think of

it as an accident. We find no such accidents in Nature or history. The only possibility is that there was, as the legend says, a great continent that connected what we now call the New World with what we call the Old. Perhaps at this time, what there was of Europe and America was populated by monsters. Africa possibly had a monkey-like negro race. Man in our sense [of the word] had not overrun them, but there was a land where civilisation as high as that we know now, and perhaps higher, was flourishing. Its outskirts were the edge of the wilderness. It was Atlantis. From Atlantis came the colonies that settled in Egypt and Central America."

(To be continued.)

MRS. BESANT ON SPIRITUALISM.

In the course of an article in the May "Theosophist" treating of the origin and progress of our movement from a Theosophical standpoint, Mrs. Besant says:—

The real value of Spiritualism was that it gave tangible proofs of post-mortem existence, so that a man like Sir William Crookes was able in his laboratory, by applying the most careful scientific methods of investigation, to obtain quite definite proofs of existences other than the physical. You can read his own records and see the remarkable scientific acumen that he brought to bear on his investigations; see how he invented a particular kind of light, so that the materialised bodies should not be broken up, as they were by ordinary light; how he invented a method of weighing the materialised form, and so on. Those methods are still followed by the Italian and French investigators, who were all of the same type of materialistic scientists, and who, one after another, emerged from materialism into Spiritualism. They do not always call themselves Spiritualists, shrinking from the name, but they have published their investigations most fully; they are men like Rochas and Richet in France, both largely tinged with Theosophy, and Lombroso, in Italy, who obtained a most remarkable series of proofs. The scientists were sufficient to give to the scientific world, if it chose to look into their records, the proofs which it demanded; as a rule, scientists would not look into them. The Royal Society still refuses to recognise Crookes's fine investigations. He very nearly lost his position as a Fellow of the Royal Society, because he was regarded as superstitious and as going into illegitimate speculations. However, he recorded his proofs, and he endorses down to the present day the validity of his own investigations. Sir Oliver Lodge has, to some extent, followed in his steps.

THE PERSECUTION OF MEDIUMS.

Mr. H. Ross Clyne, journalist and City Councillor, of Manchester, has been frank enough to send to Sir Oliver Lodge newspaper reports of his lectures under the title "Is 'Raymond' Rubbish?" He has accompanied these reports by the following letter, which we think he will wish us to reproduce in full:—

4, Rusholme-place, Manchester, S.
May 29th, 1917.

See OLIVER LODGE, Birmingham.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to enclose you reports of two lectures on the subject of your book "Raymond"—which, as you will see, I declare to be "Rubbish."

Now, in case none of your beautiful mediums have (*sic*) informed you, I beg to tell you that I am doing all in my power to get the police to arrest Vout Peters, Mrs. Leonard, and the other rogues, for I cannot see why they should escape while so many of the same type and class are being fined and imprisoned. And let me add, if I were a member of the Birmingham Corporation—as I am of the Manchester—I would see that no grants of the City money were paid to the University until your statements were proved to be true, or were confessed to be rubbish. Because of your name as a scientist, poor folks suffering mental anxiety about their dead or missing are induced to believe that a lot of dirty greasy humbugs have intercourse with spirits. For shame (*sic*). Be a man. Own up that your vanity has led to your being duped.

Yours sincerely,

H. ROSS CLYNE.

The effusion needs no comment from us.

THE PROPOSED AMENDMENT OF THE WITCHCRAFT AND VAGRANCY ACTS.

Mr. H. Boddington writes:—

With reference to the resolution moved at South-place on April 30th, and others which may be moved to further the same object, I would suggest that it is a tactical error to ignore the fact that our bitterest opponents as well as our warmest sympathisers are Christians. I received permission from the National Union Executive meeting, which met at Peckham on the Friday preceding the South-place meeting, to move an amendment. But acting on the suggestion of the president not to open discussion from the body of the hall, I obtained the consent of Dr. Powell and Miss Lind-af-Hageby to an addition to the printed resolution calculated to put our "Christian" opponents on their defensive and transform sympathisers into active workers on our behalf. Mr. Morse, however, refused to accept any addition to the "officially" printed resolution. In the circumstances, I venture to place the suggestions before your readers. Spiritualists have always been attacked and asked to prove their position. I maintain that we would be in a far better position if we could compel our opponents to prove theirs. Christianity affirms its belief in "guardian angels" and "ministering spirits," and if we can only get them to reason upon the methods of such "ministering" or "guarding," we shall clear their minds of much misconception. The addition accepted by Miss Lind-af-Hageby and Dr. Powell was as follows:—

"We further declare that as the whole Christian world teaches that there are 'guardian angels' and 'ministering spirits' it is foolish to deny them a mode of manifestation."

Another affirmation tending to divide our opponents could be framed as follows:—

"The time is now opportune for 'modern' Christianity to repudiate the horrible inquisitions, torturings, and martyrdoms of the past which this Act upholds and defends."

Either statement should create good debate in every P.S.A. meeting or discussion class in the land.

We need to emphasise these matters to counteract the intolerant bigots and the unscrupulous Press which teaches that Spiritualism is anti-Christian and diabolical. It is not anti-Christian in the modern humanitarian sense of the word. It most certainly is anti-Christian if they mean to uphold the Christianity of the dark ages which believed that burning, maiming and torturing was acting in accordance with the will of God.

We have to face the fact that our Petition to Parliament will be opposed, bitterly opposed, by narrow sectarians. It is bad generalship not to take a wide survey of the field of action and endeavour to dissipate the forces that will oppose us. This is most easily accomplished by setting the mere tent-peddlers fighting each other instead of uniting to fight us.

We are faced by two very different sets of people, both calling themselves "Christian." On the one hand, the intolerant fanatic; on the other, the broad-minded thinker who has long since discarded all fear of hell fires and whose sympathies are actually with us. But although this latter body is large and influential, it will allow itself to be dominated by the zealots unless we can provide it with a definite reason for asserting itself. We can do this and incidentally also take our propaganda into every Christian debating centre. Resolutions must be so framed that all who read them will at once see that we are fighting for freedom of thought not merely for ourselves but for advanced thinkers within the churches themselves.

It should be at once apparent that if their references to angels and ministering spirits are not mere poetic imagery with no basis in fact, then they must have definite lines of communication, which, if discoverable, must also operate in accordance with natural law.

We shall not get our Bill passed by merely telling Parliament that we have just cause of complaint. Parliament only makes laws which it finds it "expedient" to pass because of the force of public opinion in their favour. We have yet to create the requisite mental atmosphere and prove that we are not an insignificant body of people which our legislators can afford to ignore, but that, on the contrary, we have not only science and justice on our side, but what is of greater importance still, the power to compel them to amend these iniquitous laws or be themselves removed.

In conclusion, may I remind our societies that a good preliminary step is the registration of their meeting-places? They can get their halls "licensed for Religious Worship" for a nominal sum of about 2s. 6d. per annum. This carries with it various legal rights and also a remission of taxation. But perhaps its most valuable point to us just now is that it secures for us "official" recognition as a religious organisation.

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GHOST OR SPIRIT.

Was it his *spirit*, by *spirits* taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar *ghost* . . .

—SHAKESPEARE.

A long time ago, so long that he has probably forgotten all about it, an amiable correspondent wrote in terms of gentle protest against our frequent use of the word "ghost" and "ghost story." It would be better, he suggested, to leave the word "ghost" out of our vocabulary, seeing that "it has become associated with youthful terrors, winter evenings, dim lights, and an uncomfortable feeling in the region of the spine." By dropping this term he thinks we may be "helping to efface one at least of the errors that have unfortunately grown up in the minds of many regarding our next state of existence." We wish it were possible to change the current of thought by such a method—if one can speak of a current in connection with anything so slow, stale and stagnant as the general idea of life after death. The fact is that an alteration of name for the same thing, while it may seem to effect a great change in the public attitude, only influences the superficial—those who are accustomed to confuse names with the things themselves, people who would flock to buy a rubbishy commodity if it were put on the market under some alluring title, and even they would find it out in the end, and shun it. There has been a terrible debasement of beautiful and august words during the last century or so—a whole book could be written on that subject alone. Let us take the words "God" and "Universe," which have been subjected to indignities that might make angels weep (if they had no sense of humour). We have many times of late been asked to contemplate the spectacle of the Deity marching to battle in a Prussian helmet as a kind of old retainer of an Imperial family. And Buncombe's liver remedy, as everybody knows, is famous throughout the Universe.

No, the best way to cure the misuse of words is not to pander to the depraved tastes of those who misuse or misunderstand them, but firmly to insist on their true meaning by using them in that meaning. This word "ghost" is a word with a splendid tradition, and is quite capable of being restored to its old estate amongst words of magnificent meaning. It was never used by our ancestors to indicate a bogey or a bogle, a thing to frighten children withal; otherwise we should never have heard of the Holy Ghost, the Divine Spirit. But for the great war which has come

to sober the thoughts of men and arrest the moral rotteness which was creeping into human life, we might even have found the word "spirit" in a short time fallen into decay and bearing amongst its other meanings that of "spook." We were getting perilously near that stage.

"Words," said one of our proverb-makers, "are a wise man's counters and the money of fools." Nevertheless there is a great deal in names, notwithstanding Shakespeare's famous saying, which is only true within limits. We have a great respect for words. They reveal a great deal more than the sense which underlies them. If, for instance, a man has what he esteems to be a new and great truth, and is content to set it forth in loose, shambling phrases, without any attempt at fitness or precision of terms, we know that the truth has somehow failed in its effect upon him. It has not inspired him towards any attempt to give it of his best. He is content to set his diamond in putty or pinchbeck. And he has his reward in his failure to impress those who are given to studying the effect of a truth upon those who proclaim it.

We have more than once in these pages lamented the poverty of language as regards our particular subject. We have never been content with the word "Spiritualism," for instance, not merely because it had become debased by much ignoble use, but because it was not a precise term.

Andrew Jackson Davis, in "The Present Age and Inner Life," tells us how, in the course of conversation with an advanced spirit, he remarked, "The people find great difficulty in conceiving of 'spirit.' They think it a mass of sentiments, a conglomeration of ideas, something like an unsubstantial vapour, palpitating with drowsy life, tinted with different hues, yet 'nothing' after all except a sentimental consciousness of being or continuing to exist." To which the spirit responded, "The language of earth is too imperfect for this question. Words are used inconsiderately with meanings arbitrary and variable; wherefore it is difficult to make new ideas understood." And the spirit communicator made the following pronouncement, with which we are in entire agreement:—

Man on this planet is yet but partially developed. His language is imperfect from the same cause that his mind is so; and many words are used, originating in the confusion and imperfection of the understanding, to convey a confused idea of something which his mind could not in reality explain; yet these words have passed into general employment and certain vague meanings are associated with them.

Asked by Davis to give an instance of this misuse of language arising from ignorance, the spirit replied:—

The word "spirit" as used by man has no actual meaning, for spirit does not exist in the infinite order and plenitude of things. Every thing in the universe is a substance, a materiality, and the difference between the rudimental and the superior worlds consists simply in this; here in the rudimental world matter is progressing; there, in the superior world, matter is progressed. Here matter is ultimating; there it is ultimated, and is consequently much more real than where the external conditions are constantly changing. Thus man is employing words that have no real meaning but lead the mind into error and that continually.

That is a very valuable and appropriate contribution to a discussion of the question raised by our correspondent. And as regards the word "ghost" we think it is a little more precise than "spirit"—certainly it has a more definite meaning. We cannot afford to surrender it, and thus lose a synonym in a case where there are so very few. A good deal of the difficulty, as we see it, arises not merely from human ignorance but also from human arrogance. For the gross man is apt to regard his grossness as the standard of reality by which everything must be measured. A "ghost" to him is intangible, impalpable; therefore it needs must be unreal, quite unworthy of the

attention of one who can only worship in the presence of the great god, Material Fact. He lives in the same world with electricity and learns nothing. He hears of radium and ether, and gathers no hints from them. But then, of course, he is a man of "common sense." He lives in a body which from the standpoint of ultimate reality is a fleeting wisp of rather murky cloud, and from that massive stronghold he pours ridicule on anything so vaporous and unsubstantial as a ghost. Some day he will be a ghost himself, and will see nothing to laugh at; rather he will be surprised and sorry when he finds out the truth of things. He will not find it out at once, of course. He will not be light enough, airy enough, subtle and delicate enough. It may take ages; for on one thing about himself he is reasonably correct. He always prided himself on his solidity, and he is certainly very *dense*.

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF JUNE 18TH, 1887.)

"Wit and Wisdom" thinks that the subject of Spiritualism "has hitherto received comparatively little attention"! (there is salvation in that "comparatively") and so it proposes to draw attention to it by inviting correspondence and by offering a medium £20 to produce "slate-writing by supernatural agency" in the editor's office or elsewhere, to the satisfaction of a committee of six, appointed in equal proportions by the editor and the secretary of the Society for Psychical Research. As I have before pointed out, both Eglinton and Evans have obtained psychographic phenomena in public meetings, though the strain on the medium is great and favourable results are by no means certain. I have little interest in such challenges. They do no good, and may do great harm. They are easily put in such terms that it is almost impossible to meet them, and refusal is held to imply inability. Merely false issues are raised, and false conclusions drawn. Put it another way. I aver that I have repeatedly seen a flash of forked lightning of a blue tint. Twenty pounds to the man, woman or child who produces "by supernatural agency" such a flash in "Wit and Wisdom" office, to the satisfaction of, &c. It is poor trifling. There is nothing "supernatural" in Psychography, and nothing reasonable in such so-called challenges.

Our poor friend "The Rock" is in a pother. Things do not go smoothly with it, as its eminent piety should surely deserve. The "apostasy," which we are proud to represent, flourishes and abounds; books that "disseminate its poisonous doctrines are very numerous" (they *are*, they *are*!), while anti-Spiritualist books "are but few"—and very fatuous, I may venture to add. I do not desire to rest that opinion solely on my own observation, and am pleased, therefore, to note that there is a depth of fatuity which even "The Rock" cannot quite away with. One Mrs. McHardie has apparently given an "interesting account of some phases" of Spiritualism; and that is so far well. But she has not let well alone. "The Rock" is bound to admit that the account is "a little marred by a wild attempt to bring the Cherubim into connection with it." Alas! what have those winged beasts done that they should have Mrs. McHardie so outraging them? Does she think they are Elementals, or Elementaries, or perchance a variant of John King? If this is the best that our opponents can do there is no particular cause for surprise that "anti-Spiritualistic books are scarcely selling at all." People are not so silly as to buy stuff of that sort. I am obliged to "The Rock" for the admission that "Spiritualists are now very numerous" and Spiritualism "especially active." If our poor friend knew *how* numerous they are it would be much disturbed, very much disturbed indeed. The best advice that we can give it is to keep to the goody-goodness that requires no special mental aptitudes, but only unctuous assertion. "The Rock" is out of its depth in dealing with a subject that needs careful and unprejudiced investigation by persons of experience and capacity.

—Notes by "M. A. (Oxon)."

A GHOSTLY ADVENTURE.

A STORY THAT MYSTIFIED ANDREW LANG.

IN LIGHT of October 28th last we dealt with a Cornish ghost story, "The Old Man of Tregennon Lodge," to which our attention was called by a distinguished member of the Society for Psychical Research, who described it as the most remarkable tale of the kind he had heard. We remarked at the time that we knew an even more wonderful story. It is related by Andrew Lang in his "Dreams and Ghosts," and we reproduce it here in his own racy style.

THE GHOST IN BLAKE STREET.

In October, 1893, I was staying in a town which we shall call Rapingham. One night I and some kinsfolk dined with another old friend of all of us, a Dr. Ferrier. In the course of dinner he asked *à propos de bottles* :—

"Have you heard of the ghost in Blake-street?"—a sunny, pleasant street of respectable but uninteresting antiquity in Rapingham.

We had none of us heard of the ghost, and begged the doctor to enlighten our ignorance. His story ran thus—I have it in his own writing as far as its essence goes :—

"The house," he said, "belongs to my friends, the Applebys who let it, as they live elsewhere. A quiet couple took it and lived in it for five years, when the husband died, and the widow went away. They made no complaint while tenants. The house stood empty for some time, and all I know personally about the matter is that I, my wife, and the children were in the dining-room one Sunday when we heard unusual noises in the drawing-room overhead. We went through the rooms but could find no cause or explanation of the disturbance, and thought no more about it.

"About six or seven years ago I let the house to a Mr. Buckley, who is still the tenant. He was unmarried, and his family consisted of his mother and sisters. They preceded him to put the place in order, and before his arrival came to me in some irritation complaining that I had let them a *haunted house*! They insisted that there were strange noises, as if heavy weights were being dragged about, or heavy footsteps pacing in the rooms and on the stairs. I said that I knew nothing about the matter. The stairs are of stone; water is only carried up to the first floor; there is an unused system of hot air pipes. Something went wrong with the water-main in the area once, but the noises lasted after it was mended.

"I think Mr. Buckley when he arrived never heard anything unusual. But one evening as he walked upstairs carrying an ink bottle, he found his hand full of some liquid. Thinking that he had spilled the ink, he went to a window where he found his hand full of water, to account for which there was no stain on the ceiling, or anything else that he could discover. On another occasion one of the young ladies was kneeling by a trunk in an attic, alone, when water was switched over her face, as if from a wet brush. There was a small pool of water on the floor, and the wall beyond her was sprinkled.

"Time went on, and the disturbances were very rare; in fact ceased for two years till the present week, when Mrs. Claughton, a widow accompanied by two of her children, came to stay with the Buckleys. She had heard of the disturbances and the theory of hauntings—I don't know if these things interested her or not.

MRS. CLAUGHTON'S STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

"Early on Monday, October 9th, Mrs. Claughton came to consult me. Her story was this: About a quarter-past one on Sunday night, or Monday morning, she was in bed with one of her children, the other sleeping in the room. She was awakened by footsteps on the stair, and supposed that a servant was coming to call her to Miss Buckley, who was ill. The steps stopped at the door, then the noise was repeated. Mrs. Claughton lit her bedroom candle, opened the door and listened. There was no one there. The clock on the landing pointed to twenty minutes past one. Mrs. Claughton went back to bed, read a book, fell asleep, and woke to find the candle still lit, but low in the socket. She heard a sigh, and saw a lady, unknown to her, her head swathed in a soft white shawl, her expression gentle and refined, her features much emaciated.

"The Appearance said, 'Follow me,' and Mrs. Claughton, taking the bedroom candle, rose and followed out on to the landing, and so into the adjacent drawing-room. She cannot remember opening the door, which the housemaid had locked outside, and she owns that this passage is dreamlike in her memory. Seeing that her candle was flickering out, she substituted for it a pink one taken from a chiffonier. The figure

walked nearly to the window, turned three-quarters round, said 'To-morrow!' and was no more seen. Mrs. Claughton went back to her room, where her eldest child asked:—

"Who is the lady in white?"

"Only me—mother. Go to sleep," she thinks she answered. After lying awake for two hours, with the gas burning, she fell asleep. The pink candle from the drawing-room chiffonier was in her candlestick in the morning.

"After hearing the lady's narrative I told her to try change of air, which she declined as cowardly. So, as she would stay on at Mr. Buckley's, I suggested that an electric alarm communicating with Miss Buckley's room should be rigged up, and this was done."

Here the doctor paused, and as the events had happened within the week, we felt that we were at last on the track of a recent ghost.

A MYSTERIOUS MISSION.

"Next morning, about one, the Buckleys were aroused by a tremendous peal of the alarm; Mrs. Claughton they found in a faint. Next morning she consulted me as to the whereabouts of a certain place, let me call it 'Meresby.' I suggested the use of a postal directory; we found Meresby, a place extremely unknown to fame, in an agricultural district about five hours from London in the opposite direction from Rapingham. To this place Mrs. Claughton said she must go, in the interest and by the order of certain ghosts, whom she saw on Monday night, and whose injunctions she had taken down in a note-book. She has left Rapingham for London, and there," said the doctor, "my story ends for the present."

We expected it to end for good and all, but in the course of the week came a communication to the doctor in writing from Mrs. Claughton's governess. This lady, on Mrs. Claughton's arrival at her London house (Friday, October 13th), passed a night perturbed by sounds of weeping, "loud moans," and "a very odd noise overhead, like some electric battery gone wrong," in fact much like the "warning" of a jack running down, which Old Jeffrey used to give at the Wesleys' house in Epworth. There were also heavy footsteps and thuds, as of moving weighty bodies. So far the governess.

This curious communication I read at Rapingham on Saturday, October 14th, or Sunday, October 15th. On Monday I went to town. In the course of the week I received a letter from my kinsman in Rapingham, saying that Mrs. Claughton had written to Dr. Ferrier, telling him that she had gone to Meresby on Saturday; had accomplished the bidding of the ghosts, and had lodged with one Joseph Wright, the parish clerk. Her duty had been to examine the Meresby parish registers, and to compare certain entries with information given by the ghosts and written by her in her note-book. If the entries in the parish register tallied with her notes, she was to pass the time between one o'clock and half-past one, alone, in Meresby Church, and receive a communication from the spectres. All this she said she had done, and, in evidence of her journey, enclosed her half-ticket to Meresby, which a dream had warned her would not be taken on her arrival. She also sent a white rose from a grave to Dr. Ferrier, a gentleman in no sympathy with the Jacobite cause, which, indeed, has no connection whatever with the matter in hand.

On hearing of this letter from Mrs. Claughton, I confess that, not knowing the lady, I remained purely sceptical. The railway company, however, vouched for the ticket. The rector of Meresby, being appealed to, knew nothing of the matter. He therefore sent for his curate and parish clerk.

"Did a lady pass part of Sunday night in the church?"

The clerk and the curate admitted that this unusual event had occurred. A lady had arrived from London on Saturday; had lodged with Wright, the parish clerk; had asked for the parish registers, had compared them with her note-book after morning service on Sunday, and had begged leave to pass part of the night in the church. The curate in vain tried to dissuade her, and finally, washing his hands of it, had left her to Wright, the clerk. To him she described a Mr. George Howard, deceased (one of the ghosts). He recognised the description, and he accompanied her to the church on a dark night, starting at one o'clock. She stayed alone, without a light, in the locked-up church from 1.20 to 1.45, when he let her out.

MRS. CLAUGHTON'S TESTIMONY.

There now remained no doubt that Mrs. Claughton had really gone to Meresby, a long and disagreeable journey, and had been locked up in the church alone at a witching hour.

Beyond this point we have only the statements of Mrs. Claughton, made to Lord Bute, Mr. Myers and others, and published by the Society for Psychical Research. She says that after arranging the alarm-bell on Monday night (October 9th-10th), she fell asleep reading in her dressing-gown, lying outside her bed. She awakened, and found the lady of the white

shawl bending over her. Mrs. Claughton said: "Am I dreaming, or is it true?" The figure gave, as testimony to character, a piece of information. Next Mrs. Claughton saw a male ghost "tall, dark, healthy, sixty years old," who named himself George Howard, buried in Meresby churchyard, Meresby being a place of which Mrs. Claughton, like most people, now hears for the first time. He gave the dates of his marriage and death, which are correct, and have been seen by Mr. Myers in Mrs. Claughton's note-book. He bade her verify these dates at Meresby, and wait at 1.15 in the morning at the grave of Richard Harte (a person, like all of them, unknown to Mrs. Claughton), at the south-west corner of the south aisle of Meresby Church. This Mr. Harte died on May 15th, 1745, and missed many events of interest by doing so. Mr. Howard also named and described Joseph Wright, of Meresby, as a man who would help her, and he gave minute local information. Next came a phantom of a man whose name Mrs. Claughton is not free to give; he seemed to be in great trouble, at first covering his face with his hands, but later removing them. These three spectres were to meet Mrs. Claughton in Meresby Church to give her information of importance on a matter concerning, apparently, the third and only unhappy appearance. After these promises and injunctions the phantoms left, and Mrs. Claughton went to the door to look at the clock. Feeling faint, she rang the alarm, when her friends came and found her in a swoon on the floor. The hour was 1.20.

What Mrs. Claughton's children were doing all this time, and whether they were in the room or not, does not appear.

On Thursday Mrs. Claughton went to town, and her governess was perturbed, as we have seen.

On Friday night Mrs. Claughton dreamed a number of things connected with her journey; a page of the notes made from this dream was shown to Mr. Myers. Thus her half-ticket was not to be taken, she was to find a Mr. Francis, concerned in the private affairs of the ghost, which needed rectifying, and so forth. These premonitions, with others, were all fulfilled. Mrs. Claughton, in the church at night, continued her conversation with the ghosts whose acquaintance she had made at Rapingham. She obtained, it seems, all the information needful for settling the mysterious matters which disturbed the male ghost who hid his face, and on Monday morning she visited the daughter of Mr. Howard in her country house in a parish "recognised the strong likeness to her father, and carried out all things desired by the dead to the full, as had been requested. . . . The wishes expressed to her were perfectly rational, reasonable and of natural importance."

The clerk, Wright, attests the accuracy of Mrs. Claughton's description of Mr. Howard, whom he knew, and the correspondence of her dates with those in the parish register and on the graves, which he found for her at her request. Mr. Myers "from a very partial knowledge" of what the Meresby ghost business was, thinks the reasons for not revealing this matter "entirely sufficient." The ghosts' messages to survivors "effected the intended results," says Mrs. Claughton.

Of this story the only conceivable natural explanation is that Mrs. Claughton, to serve her private ends, paid secret preliminary visits to Meresby, "got up" there a number of minute facts, chose a haunted house at the other end of England as first scene in her little drama, and made the rest of the troublesome journeys, not to mention the uncomfortable visit to a dark church at midnight, and did all this from a hysterical love of notoriety. This desirable boon she would probably never have obtained, even as far as is consistent with a pseudonym, if I had not chanced to dine with Dr. Ferrier while the adventure was only beginning. As there seemed to be a chance of taking a ghost "on the half volley," I at once communicated the first part of the tale to the Psychical Society (using pseudonyms, as here, throughout), and two years later Mrs. Claughton consented to tell the Society as much as she thinks it fair to reveal.

This, it will be confessed, is a roundabout way of obtaining fame, and an ordinary person in Mrs. Claughton's position would have gone to the Psychical Society at once, as Mark Twain meant to do when he saw the ghost which turned out to be a very ordinary person.

There I leave those ghosts, my mind being in a just balance of agnosticism. If ghosts at all, they were ghosts with a purpose. The species is now very rare.

We have only one comment. Spirit interposition in the lives of persons on earth is not so rare as Andrew Lang supposed. But it is usually only apparent to a very clear vision. The rarity is when it comes in with phenomenal accompaniments as in the story, which, it is clear, mystified and impressed the brilliant Scottish journalist more than he cared to show openly.

TIME AND THE EMOTIONAL LIFE.

A KEY TO THE PROBLEM OF ETERNITY.

Eternity is state. And state is timelessness. These two, time and state, are reciprocals. Either is the negation of the other. Whatever time is not, that is state. State, therefore, is existence without progression—condition without change. It is the generic name for everything whose essence is that it changes not. It is that which in mathematics we term a constant; in mechanics equilibrium; in physics stability; in economics security; in meteorology calm; and in Religion peace—the peace of God, the peace of eternity.

What is wanted, in order to cut us adrift from time altogether, is some influence that can render us independent of time by making us indifferent to its rate of progression—something that can at once perform both of the two operations of retardation and acceleration, that can both compress long into short and expand short into long. If only we can possess ourselves of such a talisman, then we become wholly independent of time and wholly indifferent to its flight. Then fast and slow become empty names to us, and sequence disappears. Then we detach ourselves from time completely and enter the state of eternity.

Is such a talisman to be found? Yes; there is one emotion, and one only, belonging to human nature, which, when keenly excited, does possess, though in an incipient and imperfect degree, something of the mysterious power of annihilating in this way the sense of time and sequence. Love, when experienced in a very intense degree, does confer upon its possessor a kind of foretaste of this transporting faculty. True, the exercise of this faculty is far, indeed, from the measure of completeness. True, even the strongest love of which humanity has as yet proved itself capable is too weak to achieve the herculean feat of obliterating altogether the sense of time. But, in spite of these imperfections, love furnishes the clue to the solution of the problem. For love exhibits unmistakably a tendency to blunt the sense of time, however imperfectly this function may be performed. Undoubtedly it is one of the properties of this strange rapture that it induces a state of consciousness in which, whilst the vital energy is stimulated to the highest pitch of intensity, the sense of sequence becomes blurred and indistinct.

Possibly there are not many who can attest from personal experience the truth of this assertion. For, apparently, the faculty of loving very intensely—or at all events the opportunity for the intense exercise of the faculty—occurs but seldom. But those who have ever known what it is to be utterly absorbed by an overwhelming, overpowering, passionate love are conscious that during the continuance of that condition the sense of time disappears. To love truly and really, with all the heart and soul and mind, to lose oneself in love, is, to some extent at all events, to leave the category of sequence and approach the category of state, to exchange time for a foretaste of eternity.

The power of love to distort the apparent speed of time is not confined to the compression of a long period into a short one. It extends also to the converse process of expanding short into long. It can magnify as well as minify. This latter faculty is well described by an author now almost forgotten, but who was widely read in his day, and who contrived to convey, under cover of a somewhat pedantic style, a large amount of truth and worldly wisdom:—

Love: what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear,
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a sigh,
The lightning in a touch, a millennium in a moment!

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

No one can fail to recognise in these lines a vivid picture of the magnifying power of this strange transport. We must, no doubt, make all necessary allowance for poetic inflation; but even so, the truth of the poet's words will be readily admitted by everyone who has ever tasted the bitter-sweet of a passionate affection. To love, all things are possible. It

can contract years into days. It can expand a moment into an age. In the words of Milton, when describing ideal love, as exemplified by the two first lovers, "imparadised in one another's arms,"

With thee conversing I forget all time.

Love such as that of which we are speaking—love of the highest intensity experienced in human nature—is inexplicable and indescribable.

Now it is a highly significant fact that two of the most prominent attributes which Religion ascribes to God are the attributes of Love and of Timelessness. On the one hand, "God is Love." And, on the other hand, with Him "one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." We have only to compare the combination of love and timelessness thus ascribed to God with Jacob's seven years' service compressed by love into a "few days," and the lover's "moment" expanded into an age, to see that, as regards timelessness, human love and divine are essentially the same. In either case there is the same indifference—the same superiority—to time. Both are the same in kind. They differ only in degree. And when we turn to consider the question of degree, we find every reason to believe that the love of God can accomplish all that Religion claims for it. How immeasurably does the keenest human affection fall short of the standard of the love of God! Whatever love may be in its fullest perfection, its rarest virtue, its most refined quintessence—that is God. And if the love of God so far surpasses human love, its potentialities must be correspondingly greater too.

In the case of human love we know that the extent of that "sweet forgetting" which obliterates time varies with the intensity of the love. If, then, the comparatively feeble force of the strongest human love is capable of such intensity as baffles description, what shall we say of the love of God? If one human being can inspire in another a love which can compress years of disappointment and hope deferred into a few days—which can "forget all time"—is it to be doubted that such a love as "the love of Christ which passeth knowledge" is capable of expanding one day into a thousand years, and of concentrating a thousand years into one day? And what is this but to resolve time into timelessness? Have we not in such a love every element that is required for the complete annihilation of time? It satisfies the requirements of Philosophy at the same time that it fulfils the declarations of Religion. To Philosophy and Theology alike such a love is the connecting link between time and eternity.

It is not difficult to find confirmation, both theological and philosophic, of the foregoing interpretation of the relations of love to eternity. For the theological confirmation we have not far to look, for the interpretation receives an express sanction and authority from the lips of Christ Himself:—

And behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted Him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou? And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself. And He said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

So that, on Christ's own showing, love to God and man is sufficient to ensure eternal life. Love which "never faileth" is the "treasure in heaven that faileth not." And thus love is the passport of eternal life. Love is eternity.

—From "The Anatomy of Truth," by F. HUGH CAPRON.

ADVERTISEMENT COMPENSATION FUND.

Following is a list of donations received since those acknowledged in our last issue:—

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THE SUMMERLAND.

We give below, with some slight modifications in the phrasing, a message received in automatic writing by a lady correspondent:—

Why do we generally see such a refined, youthful and calm expression on the face of the good person who has just passed on to the higher life? May it not be because the spirit ere leaving its earthly tenement has stamped on the features something of the peace and joy of the glad new life to which it was awaking?

For on entering the wonderful Summerland, so little dreamed of in its earthly existence, the first thing of which the translated spirit is cognisant is a feeling of ecstatic peace—that peace which passes understanding—and the next is a sense of freedom never known before, of emancipation from physical limitations. With this peace and liberty comes also a great joy due to the loving ministrations of welcoming angels. Thus is the consciousness awakened from the last earthly sleep, and then begins the new birth into spirit life.

At first some difficulty is experienced in adapting oneself to the new and untried country. Although the spirit form is (with the exception of accidental disfigurements and the tell-tale marks of time or illness) an almost exact replica of the physical body which it formerly inhabited, the spirit cannot on arrival in spirit life immediately accustom itself to its use.

But the angel ministrants soon make newly-arrived souls perfectly at home in their bewildering environment. They lift the weight of earthly sickness so recently experienced, and endeavour to give the needful repose. The newcomers are taken to a place called the "Mount of Unconsciousness" until sufficiently awakened to ask questions and receive advice. Some difficulty is usually experienced then in engaging their attention, because they are so filled with wonder and joy that other sensations are for the time being in abeyance till complete soul consciousness is attained.

Can you wonder that it is sometimes distasteful to those living in the Summerland to go down into the astral plane to breathe the less rarefied air? However, they know it is their duty to help in some way to raise humanity from its low condition. If people do not grow above the astral plane in their earth life, they must for some time remain denizens of it, sincerely regretting the opportunities for character-building missed during their former life. Selfishness is such a deplorable sin that we must outgrow it before entering into the sunshine of this spiritual realm. The necessity is also great of living beyond desire, and touching the borderland of universal love. Love to be unselfish must be pure and undefiled, because if in any way sensual, it means a wrong to another soul. Nothing that hurts can enter here, nothing that makes anyone feel left out in the cold, or not wanted, which on the earth plane is too often the case. Reciprocal sympathetic love is all in all. In the Summerland the auras of the sojourners exactly represent their attitude of soul. Deception is unknown, for law reigns supreme, and spirits see both themselves and others as they actually are. No attempt at concealment is of any use whatever; everything must be quite straightforward. The loving attitude of the missionary spirits to delinquents is far more effective in winning them to a better mind than any censorious words could be. Living day by day in such a spiritual atmosphere, it is possible to acquire a higher tone of thought. In this new and more favourable environment spiritual and mental advancement proceed apace—thoughts and feelings which may have lain dormant during the earth-life, or through business worries and everyday cares were denied full opportunities for expression, here blossom forth in beauty of character. The law of compensation is ever active, and the fountain of love is never dry in the beautiful Summerland.

PSYCHOMETRY.—In view of the interest shown by many new readers in psychometry, we may call attention to the address to be delivered by Mr. Robert King on this subject at Steinway Hall, on Sunday evening next, at 7 o'clock. (See Advt.)

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.—The seventeenth of Mr. John Coutts' series of "Homely Thoughts" pamphlets is entitled "Homely Thoughts on Science, Love and Religion in the Light of the Law of Development" (G. Lyall, 36, Hardy-terrace, Wood Green, N., 4d.). The author's thought, elaborated through more than sixty closely printed pages, takes the form of representing Love as intervening to still the strife between Science and Theology (representing Religion). His aim is to show that Science has perfect liberty to enter in and enjoy the whole universe of Truth; and at the same time Religion, not dogmatic theology, may enjoy all that Science can discover, and in return bestow upon Science still higher blessings.

"IS GOD DEAD?"

Miss E. P. Prentice writes:—

Chancing to pick up a book bearing this title, I wondered if anyone had replied to the question. I should say God is startlingly alive and that we are dead in trespasses and sins, also that by permission of the world's overwhelming sorrow and calamity He is making us alive. Our feeling concerning God is the result of inertia. Man is made sensitive to self-interest, eliminate the self and he is at once spiritual.

God suffers in the creature, and this suffering is His sacrifice. When a whole mass of thought has passed through certain minds its impress remains, it is gold tried in the fire, purified by the burning of the self, the universalised good alone surviving for the redemption of the race. God is usually alert. He is overcoming evil, not with phenomenal good but with that which shall enable man to realise his heritage as a son of God.

THE LATE ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.

The following letter appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" of the 6th inst. :—

SIR,—A year has passed since the death of Archdeacon Wilberforce, late chaplain of the House of Commons, and it will be a great favour if you will allow us the opportunity of making known the state of the memorial fund. About £1,500 has been subscribed, and a friend has offered £200 upon the condition that a sum of £2,000 is raised for the endowment of the institute in St. John's, Westminster. Memorial tablets have been promised by two friends for St. Mary's, Southampton, and St. John's, Westminster. Contributions to the memorial fund may be sent to the Bishop of Willesden, 14, Froggnal-gardens, N.W. 3.—Yours faithfully,

HERBERT E. RYLE, Bishop, Dean of Westminster.

JAMES W. LOWTHER, Speaker of the House of Commons.

G. W. E. RUSSELL.

W. W. WILLESDEN.

London, June 4th.

APOLLONIUS of Tyana at Ephesus sees clairvoyantly the assassination of Domitian at Rome, crying out suddenly, and his friends, "Strike him down, the tyrant!" And, in a few minutes: "The tyrant is killed." Materialism has no explanation of that. It can only refuse to believe the account—"Psychical Investigations," by J. ARTHUR HILL.

UNDER the title of "Why I am a Spiritualist," "Pearson's Weekly" of the 2nd inst. prints an interview with Major-General Sir Alfred Turner (with portrait). To the interviewer Sir Alfred related one of his experiences of spirit agency, and is reported as saying that "Spiritualists derive comfort from the knowledge that by the measure of opposition which any branch of science or discovery meets with in its early stages may be gauged the measure of its ultimate success."

THERE will be cordial wishes in many parts of the war area for Lady Dorothea Feilding, whose engagement to Captain Charles Moore, Irish Guards, of Mooresfort, Tipperary, is just announced. She is the gallant daughter of the Earl of Denbigh, and stands first on the list of British women to receive the Military Medal. This was for her services with Dr. Hector Munro's field ambulance, close behind the Belgian trenches—"Star."

WE have received one letter of criticism on Mr. R. Boddington's paper at the recent Annual Convention of the U.L.S. at South-place. The critic, a lady (M. Evelyn Howells), while admitting that the paper was in several respects an excellent one, disagrees with its author on two points. To exclude clairvoyance and spirit communications from the public platform would, she holds, deprive Spiritualistic services of their special distinction and power of conviction. "Many of those who come to confute and ridicule, remain to confirm and endorse. I can instance a president and secretary in the nearest centre [our correspondent writes from Southall] who were captured in that manner. These and a legion of others would probably never attend the more private séance. Spiritualism would then be robbed of its greatest advocates and supporters." Even more seriously erroneous, in his critic's view, is Mr. Boddington's proposal to suppress the name "Christian" in connection with Spiritualism. She submits that this anti-Christian sentiment is the cause of much retardation of the movement. "The ranks of Spiritualism are chiefly recruited from the Christian churches. To make the name taboo is suicidal."

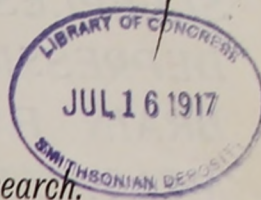
Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

"WHATSOEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT!"—Paul.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1917.

[a Newspaper.]

PRICE TWOPENCE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

In the course of its account of the great fire at Wilkesden on the 13th inst., the "Daily Telegraph" says:—

Curiously enough, the superintendent minister of the district, the Rev. T. Champion, had a presentiment of impending misfortune, and, being restless in the night, rose very early to take a walk, and he reached the scene of the fire shortly after it broke out.

Such premonitions are fairly common, even the recorded ones being very numerous. Although the causes at work are obscure, we may be sure they are perfectly natural, as natural as for people sensitive to weather changes to foresee rain or storm days beforehand. Now, inasmuch as the Primitive Methodist Church was destroyed by the fire, Mr. Champion's presentiment was distinctly appropriate. But what are we to say of the many cases (several have come under our own observation) of premonitions or impressions of events which apparently had nothing whatever to do with the seer or the recipient of the impression? LIGHT has recorded many such cases. When we say they are due to a temporary extension of consciousness, we only put the problem in another way. Assuredly we have an infinite amount to learn concerning the relations of the human spirit to Time and Space, and as assuredly we shall not learn it merely by the incident of death, for it is now clear enough that vast numbers of human beings remain for a time as limited in their consciousness after death as before it.

While the war is sapping the world's material resources and immensely reducing the energies formerly devoted to the ordinary activities of life, there seems to be coming into the world, as though to fill the vacuum, a tremendous amount of what may be termed "spiritual power." The term is a little vague, but we use it to imply regenerative or revolutionary forces. They are in the nature of ideas of change or reconstruction, and they are working havoc amongst ancient orders of thought and organisations that in times of peace were accustomed to vegetate calmly and pursue their olden grooves unmolested. These are being shaken to their core by the irruption of the new flood of vital energy, and are passing out of existence or being transmuted into forms more adapted to the time, at a great rate. Some of them, inert as they seem, have still sufficient life to obstruct, with sullen obstinacy, the forces by which they are challenged and opposed. But the new life, being fresh and strong, snaps and shatters the old forms one by one, and a few months or even weeks are sufficient to transform institutions which in ordinary times

would require generations of effort to alter and improve. We may think of one immense example—the Russian revolution. Perhaps "spiritual power" is the right word after all—the spirit that makes all things new.

* * * *

"Beckoning Hands from the Near Beyond" and "Boston Lectures on the New Psychology" are two books by Dr. J. C. F. Grumbine, the American author. The subjects dealt with, which include the facts and laws of spirit intercourse and the general philosophy of the supernatural, are handled with much ability. The author, indeed, has a fine grasp of the various questions involved, and we found little to criticise except some minor flaws as, for instance, his frequent references to the Maid of Orleans as "Joan d'Arc," a hybrid phrase which after a time becomes irritating, for it suggests that the author was unable to make up his mind whether to say Joan of Arc or Jeanne d'Arc. And on p. 15 of the book first mentioned we were left puzzled by an allusion to the condition of the undeveloped spirit as "a place or state called by Dante and Milton 'sheol' or hell, because of the varieties of lurid reds, dark browns, ugly purples, and menacing greens which emanate as auric atmosphere from the gross numbers of spirits who temporarily abide here." In the first place "sheol" is simply the Hebrew for "underworld" and, as a term, has no particular connection with Dante or Milton; again, what the name has to do with "lurid reds, dark browns," &c., we fail to see. And by "gross numbers of spirits" is doubtless meant numbers of gross spirits, unless Dr. Grumbine means that the numbers are to be reckoned by the gross! These are trivial matters, of course, but the better the work the more conspicuous its flaws. And the books contain much useful matter clearly expressed. We hope to give some quotations from them shortly. The publishers are L. N. Fowler and Co., and the price of each book is 2s. 6d. net.

* * * *

Of the aviator before the war it was written that he is one who "deliberately and serenely adopted death as a profession." But while the machinery of flight has been since improved to an extent that makes aviation in itself much safer than was the case in its beginnings, the war has introduced new perils, and the members of the Flying Corps have demonstrated the tremendous attainments of which human skill and heroism are capable. We go to the flying man for an example of the power of the human soul in the mechanical world. He is a parable and a presage, symbolising the career of the spirit in its continual advance to more refined spheres of action. Even his defiance of death is significant of the new attitude towards man's "last enemy." And although it may seem a paradox, it is our conviction that this is all leading away from war. The Armageddon of to-day is indubitably the last struggle on the plane of the ape and the tiger, the last struggle of brute materialism to retain its power over the human

spirit. With the passing of the fear of death will come a better understanding of the meaning of life, *vis.*, the continual conquest of physical limitations by intelligence. There are German aviators—we do not overlook that point. If we could see into their minds we doubt not that we should find some of them feeling as Mercury might feel on discovering that he had unwittingly become the tool of Minotaur, the devourer of human flesh.

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SUSANNA HARRIS.

While I was making a few notes of a personal matter of which I wished to keep a memorandum in connection with some excellent evidential details given me very recently by Mrs. Susanna Harris, it occurred to me that they might perhaps have some interest for inquirers and readers. For the sake of brevity I run two occasions together; they were separated by a few days only.

At a meeting conducted by Miss Estelle Stead, Mrs. Harris kindly gave some clairvoyant descriptions in an incidental manner—it was not part of the programme.

After one or two of the other sitters had been addressed Mrs. Harris turned to me—I may be known to her by sight but there is no personal acquaintance between us. She said: "There is a gentleman by your side. He is your brother. You have a brother on the other side?" I said "Yes." Mrs. Harris proceeded: "He passed on before the war began." (Correct.) She then said he wished us—my sister was present—to wear something of his, as he could then get into touch with us better; and she, or he, suggested his watch and chain.

Most of my brother's personal property was given away. I had almost forgotten we had his watch and chain. In fact, at the moment I was under the impression a nephew had them.

Mrs. Harris then gave perfectly accurate details about the sudden illness, severe pain, and where the pain was situated; an operation and his unexpected death from heart failure afterwards; unexpected by himself, she said, which was correct—he did not know his condition was serious.

Mrs. Harris then said, "He thanks you for the flowers."

The anniversary of my brother's death had taken place a few days previously. I always put flowers in his room on that date, a fact which I am sure is unknown to anyone outside the few members of the family living in the house.

Mrs. Harris then got the initials "E" and "W." I said I had relatives with those initials, without adding that they were my father and his brother.

She said, "One was an uncle." And then she went back to my brother, who wished me to try for automatic writing; after which she went on—"William—who is William?" And without waiting for a reply, she added, "Someone was drowned." I said, "Yes; William was drowned."

Here Mrs. Harris became somewhat cautious. She asked, "It was an accident, wasn't it?"

I answered that his death was always understood to have been due to an accident. She then said, "Well, William sends his love to you and he says he knows better now."

The facts are that my uncle William was found drowned after a calm summer night, at a seaside place where he had gone for a few days' holiday, more than forty years ago. There was no evidence at the inquest to suggest foul play, nor was there any reason shown why he, a young man of very cheerful disposition, should have taken his life. But I recall conversations not meant for the ears of a small child—talks between my father and mother at the time of my uncle William's death. There were reasons, not made public, why he might have been suffering from depression. I do not know where Mrs. Harris could have got the information about him except from William himself. Telepathy from my mind seems out of the question. I saw little of this uncle while he lived. I was too young to take any interest in his tragic death, and I can safely say I have hardly ever thought of him since.

S. M. B.

We note with regret the decease of Lord Dewar, Judge of the Court of Session, Edinburgh, who was an appreciative reader of *LIGHT*.

LOST ATLANTIS.

(Continued from page 187.)

Dr. Paul Schliemann then goes on to say:—

"I realised that I faced a serious problem indeed, despite all the astonishing evidence, greater by far than anyone dreamt left me by my grandfather. There were other notes in the secret safe in Paris . . . and the strict injunction that I should keep the matter secret until I had followed up his instructions, and had finished my research.

"In my research I have made it a principle to retire to such a seclusion that no periodical could reach me. . . I shall pursue the same course until my book is finished. . . However, I have been willing to follow the invitation of this paper (the 'Star Company' has the copyright) and to reveal this secret of my illustrious grandfather, and to give some of the facts I have discovered, and why I claim to be the discoverer of Atlantis. I proceed to what happened after I read Heinrich Schliemann's documents.

"I at once proceeded to investigate the hidden collection in Paris. The owl-headed vase was unique, of obviously extraordinarily ancient origin, and on it I read this inscription in Phœnician characters, 'From the King Chronos of Atlantis.' I hesitated for days to break it, for I still thought that last letter of my grandfather might have been the result of mind weakened by the approach of death. I could see no reason why it should be broken, it seemed empty. I cannot tell, even now, how he came to know it should be broken; it may be he had found other vases of the kind at Hissarlik, and had broken them. He may have saved this vase because he felt that an absolute proof of the evidence should be in the possession of the one who should take up his work.

"After all I broke it. I was not a little startled when out of the bottom of the vase slipped a square of white, silvery metal upon which were drawn strange figures, and an inscription which was not like any hieroglyphs or writings I had ever seen. On the obverse side was engraved, in ancient Phœnician 'Issued in the Temple of Transparent Walls.' How did the metal get in the vase? I do not know. The neck was too small for its insertion, but there it was, and it had been imbedded in the clay of the bottom, and my grandfather had evidently known it was there.

"If the vase was from Atlantis, the piece must have come from there too, and yet my examination showed me that the Phœnician letters had been cut in after the object had been under the die that made the figures on the face. This is a mystery to me even now. But there is the evidence.

"Besides this I found in the collection the other material objects which my grandfather had said came from Atlantis. One was a ring of the same peculiar metal as the coins or medals. There was a strange-looking elephant of fossilised bone, an extremely archaic vase. The map by which the Egyptian captain had sought for Atlantis was there too. I prefer to save other objects for my extended work, nor could I, under the instructions of my grandfather, tell of them. It is sufficient to say, no scientist can controvert them. The owl vase, the bronze vase, and the ring have the Phœnician inscription. The elephant and coins had not.

"I . . . started to excavate around the ruins of Sais. I found . . . no trace of what I wanted. But one day I made the acquaintance of an Egyptian hunter, who showed me a collection of old medals he had found in a sarcophagus in one of the tombs near by. Who can describe my surprise in finding among his collection two of the same design and size as the white medal I had found in the vase of Troy? The figures were not so plain of detail, and the inscription was lacking—but they were undoubtedly of the same origin as mine. I procured them from the hunter, and investigated the sarcophagus. It proved to be that of a priest of the first dynasty, one of the most ancient.

"Yet, was I not progressing? Here was the coin in the vase of Troy which, if my grandfather was right, came from Atlantis, and here were two of the same kind in a sarcophagus of a priest of the first dynasty of the Temple of Sais, the temple which held the records of Atlantis, and whose priest had recited them to Solon—the temple which had been founded by a son of Atlantis who had run away with a 'daughter of Chronos,' the name which was on the vase of Hissarlik that held the coin. How explain?

"I called to my aid two great French geological experts, and we examined the West Coast of Africa at the points where my grandfather had indicated, and where he had believed the ancient Atlantis had touched that land. We found the whole shore here covered with signs of volcanic action. Some distance from the shore these evidences dropped, for many miles it was as though the volcanic action had chopped away

land from the coast. Here I found an object of inestimable value to my research. It was the head of a child done in the same metal as that which formed the ring and the medals. It was embedded in an incrustation of volcanic ash of great age. The chemical analysis showed it to be exactly of the same strange alloy I have described.

"I went to Paris and sought the owner of the Central American collection which my grandfather alluded to. He consented that I should break his owl-headed vase for the purpose of investigation. I broke the vase.

"And out of it slipped a medal of exactly the same size and material as the three I had. The only difference was in the arrangement of the hieroglyphs.

"Here were five links. The coins in my grandfather's secret collection. The coin in the Atlantis vase. The coins in the Egyptian sarcophagus. The coin in the vase from Central America. The head from the Moroccan coast.

"I at once went to Central America, Peru, Mexico . . . to the Chucuna Valley. . . I will say that although I found fragments of owl-headed vases, I found no more medals there, but . . . inscriptions that will startle the world. I found other medals at the Pyramid of Scohuatican, in Mexico, of the same alloy, but with different script.

"I have reasons for saying that the strange medals were used as money in Atlantis forty thousand years ago.

"The Temple of Transparent Walls" was one of the national treasures of the Lost Continent. . . Among the facts I have to reveal in my book, there are clear indications of the 'City of the Golden Gates,' as it was called, and two clear references to the 'Temple of Transparent Walls.'

"I can prove that the Phœnicians got their knowledge of glass-making from 'the people who lived beyond the Pillars of Hercules.'

"I pass on to the translation of a Mayan manuscript which is part of the collection of Le Plongeon—the 'Troano manuscript,' which can be seen in the British Museum, which reads:—

"In the year of Okan, on the 11 Muluc, in the month Zac, there occurred terrific earthquakes which continued without interruption until the 13 Chuen. The country of the hills of mud, the Land of Mu, was sacrificed. Being twice upheaved it disappeared during the night, being continually shaken by the fires of the under earth. Being confined, these caused the land to sink and to rise several times and in various places. At last the surface gave way, and then ten countries were torn asunder and were scattered. They sank with their 64,000,000 of inhabitants eight thousand years before the writing of this book.'

"In the records of the old Buddhist Temple at Lhasa there is to be seen an ancient Chaldean inscription written about 2,000 years B.C. It reads:—

"When the star Bal fell on the place where there is now only sea and sky, the Seven Cities with their 'Golden Gates' and 'Transparent Temples' quivered and shook like the leaves of a tree in storm. And behold a flood of fire and smoke arose from the palaces. Agony and cries of the multitude filled the air. They sought refuge in their temples and citadels. And the wise Mu, the hieratic of Ra-Mu, arose and said to them, 'Did I not predict all this?' And the women and the men in their precious stones and shining garments lamented: 'Mu, save us!' And Mu replied, 'You shall die together with your slaves and your riches, and from your ashes shall arise new nations. If they forget they are superior not because of what they put on, but of what they put out, the same lot will befall them!' Flame and smoke choked the words of Mu. The land and its inhabitants torn to pieces and swallowed by the depths in a few months' [? moments].

"How account for these two stories—one from Tibet, the other from Central America, each mentioning the same cataclysm, and each referring to the land of Mu?

"When I throw open all the facts I have, there will be no mystery about it."

Then (writes Mr. Colson) there is some further reference to his grandfather's documents and his signature: Paul Schliemann.

In the course of his comments on the case Mr. Colson writes:—

I am profoundly interested in the question of Atlantis, as I think all who have crossed the North Atlantic and intelligently observed the equatorial current, south and west, and again north by the Gulf Stream, will ask themselves this question: Why do these currents take their present course? Is there not some other cause than the generally accepted one? Has not the great submarine plateau, known as the 'Dolphin Ridge,' something to do with the question? And this ridge, what is its origin? Does not the present position of the

Azores, Bermuda, Madeira and the Canary Isles show that there is good reason to believe that a great mass of land—an island—once existed there, and that the present North Atlantic currents define its coast-line? It seems so to me.

FATHER VAUGHAN AND SPIRITUALISM.

The "Pall Mall Gazette," of the 11th inst., contained the following reply by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to Father Vaughan's recent attack on Spiritualism through the columns of that journal:—

To the EDITOR of the "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

SIR,—Father Vaughan should learn by the history of his own order, which has often been unjustly attacked, to be more moderate in his censures upon others.

His article in your columns upon Spiritism displays all the intolerance and the persecuting spirit of the Inquisition. "So it is that I declare we must sweep the country clear of these charlatans." In using these words he is evidently not referring to fraudulent mediums, especially as the sentence continues with a thinly veiled allusion to Sir Oliver Lodge. If Father Vaughan confined himself to fraudulent mediums he would have both the existing laws of England and all decent Spiritualists upon his side, for they have always been the curse of the movement.

The whole context shows, however, that what he desires to forcibly attack is everyone who believes what few who have really studied the evidence have failed to believe—first, that the dead survive even as we knew them; secondly, that reverent communication with them is not absolutely impossible; and, thirdly, that many people have been confirmed in or converted to the belief in a future life by such experience, and have thus attained great spiritual good from it. Indeed, it may be said that the only valid answer to materialism lies in the phenomena of Spiritualism.

I can assure Father Vaughan that the people who believe this are as good and earnest as he is himself, and very much more open-minded and charitable. When he talks of persecuting them for their beliefs and springcleaning them out of England he is using language which was sinister in the fifteenth century, but is out of place in the twentieth.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Windlesham, Crowborough, Sussex.

ASTROLOGY AND THE END OF THE WAR.

Astrology, of which our old contributor the late Mr. C. C. Massey was so able an exponent, has never found much favour with our readers, perhaps because of its continual failure to justify itself. Mr. Massey once essayed to prove his case by a series of predictions, which somehow went wrong. The reality of the prophetic faculty has of course been proved many times, more particularly in connection with clairvoyance, but the prophet is frequently at fault in the matter of time, and although there are cases in which predictions have been fulfilled to the very day, it is usually very unsafe for prophets to venture on days and times. "Sepharia," however, in the "British Journal of Astrology" for June, greatly daring, tells us that as a result of certain planetary positions "the Kaiser's doom, and with it that of the Hohenzollerns, will be sealed on the night of the 20th August." "On that day," we read, "Despotism falls for ever." And in a sketch of the German Crown Prince's horoscope we are told that he will never reign over Prussia but will be denuded of his inheritance, and "the lunation of the 17th August" marks for him the beginning of the end. So may it be.

The "Prussian beast," as "Sepharia" describes the nation which provoked the war, has fed overlong on human blood. It will be of interest to see how astrology bears the test on this occasion, for here are dates definitely given. ("In the name of the prophet, dates!")

In an astrological study of Sir Douglas Haig (whose sisters have furnished "Sepharia" with some interesting particulars) we find the month of August next powerfully marked in his horoscope, which in a way seems confirmatory of the other predictions in which August is the month of fate for the Kaiser and the Crown Prince.

Elsewhere in the journal we see that Mr. Lloyd George is promised a political defeat and serious illness in 1921.

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THE BALANCES.

It may be said not only that exactness is an art, but that no form of art is complete without it. That great abstraction, Truth itself, for which many profess the deepest devotion and the keenest solicitude, is, in human experience, divided up into many parts, some of them so small and apparently commonplace that the champion of Truth, if he is not very careful, is in continual danger of overlooking them. There is, for instance, punctuality—a small thing but none the less part of the great truth of things. It was recently remarked by a writer on mysticism that one of the signs of the true mystic is that he is always careful to keep his appointments! The mystic, in short, is one who, having been privileged to gain a vision of Truth in her inner sanctuaries, takes with him something of her inspiration into the outer courts of the temple, and aspires to become true to time and true to fact. Of course there is always the danger of concentration on one aspect to the neglect of the rest. The world laughs at the purist, the precisian, the pedant, not because they are sticklers for exactitude, but because they exaggerate some particular phase of it, and in their zeal for mechanical truth become untrue to life itself. Part of the general duty we owe to truth is to hold the balances as exactly as we can, so that we may distribute our powers justly. That, indeed, belongs to the art of exactitude, an art especially difficult for the specialist, or for him who by reason of an excess of devotion to one idea earns for himself the name of crank. Rostand, the French dramatist, gives us an excellent example of the artist's love of precision in that dramatic scene where Cyrano de Bergerac fights a duel, and at the same time composes a perfect ballade, managing his swordsmanship and his poetry with such exquisite skill that he contrives to "pink" his opponent at the precise instant that he declaims the last words of the last line of the "Envoi," "A la fin de l'envoi je touche." That, of course, was only a theatrical flourish, but it is a good example of the just balance of powers. Cyrano, however, is a rare figure on the world's stage. Most of us discover that precision is only to be attained by concentrating our attention on one thing at a time; but a just sense of our limitations is also part of the art of exactness.

There is probably no subject under the sun concerning which there has been so much vain talk of exactness as the subject of psychical phenomena. It has become for some very commonplace minds the proof and touchstone as to whether a man is a reliable observer or not. It has happened several times that a person whose whole life and training have been in the direction of precise observation and precise statement has, after witnessing some super-

normal fact and testifying to its reality, at once lost his reputation for accuracy amongst those who, not having witnessed the thing, considered themselves (apparently by the same fact) the best judges of whether it occurred or not. And to hear such people holding forth with the solemnity of owls on "defective observation," "untrustworthy statements," and a whole farrago of similar ineptitudes is one of the few drolleries left to us in the midst of a tragic world. As self-constituted authorities on the question of exactness, they should be aware of the necessity for giving due value to the statements on one subject (even if it be a new one) of those who have shown themselves reliable on all others. But, of course, they are not authorities at all. The only authorities on a question of fact, and the only persons competent to speak about it, are those who have certified themselves of the existence of the fact. That is the coldest of common sense. But unfortunately common sense does not enter into the matter where the hostile critic is concerned. Passion enters in, prejudice enters in, and so do many other things which predispose the mind to "defective observation" and "untrustworthy statements." For, in truth, the boot is on the other leg. "Credulity," "gullibility," "delusion," "illusion" and "cerebral disease" are phrases which it is not always safe to throw about wildly; and it has sometimes seemed to us that in some of the attacks made on psychical research, we are witnessing a new version of the Rev. Mr. Stiggins, when, with rolling eye and unsteady gait, he expressed the opinion that his teetotal audience was intoxicated. There is a credulity which consists in believing anything rather than something in which one does not want to believe; there are delusions and illusions which belong to materialism more properly than to Spiritualism; and may not cerebral disease as readily take the form of an insane scepticism as that of a wholesale acceptance of the incredible?

Recently we talked to a sculptor of no mean ability on the subject of materialisations, of which he had witnessed several, observing them with the vision of the artist trained to detect things not apparent to the ordinary observer or even to the scientist. He brought to bear on his investigation a multitude of minute criteria quite outside the range of the average onlooker. We wish we could transcribe here the account he gave, full as it was of fine, almost microscopic, detail. We doubt if even the most hardened sceptic could have had the effrontery afterwards to have said anything about "defective observation." Our sculptor, skilled in the art of exactness in dealing with the human face and figure, described what he saw as answering perfectly to the truth of life. There was no room for imposture: some things cannot be successfully counterfeited.

On all these various phases of psychic phenomena—physical and mental—we are now receiving the testimony of observers trained in various forms of the perceptive faculty—artists, scientists, lawyers, doctors, men of all professions and callings which call for accuracy of judgment in some department or other of the matter. At present it would seem that the opposition would prefer the verdict of a bricklayer, the choice falling on a bricklayer who was not there. After which they might feel moved to fresh exertions on the subject of inexactness of observation.

It is a free country; the sceptic is not compelled to examine the matter, but if he is as anxious for exactitude as he pretends, he might at least observe a few of the obligations which arise naturally out of a passion for truth—they are called variously justice, impartiality, fairmindedness, and they impose upon us the duty of remaining silent when we cannot speak with knowledge. For the art of exactness applies to conduct as well as to facts, and to life even more than the things of which life is composed.

SPIRITUAL AND SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION.

NOTES OF A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE ROOMS OF THE GOLDEN AGE, BROMPTON-ROAD, ON MAY 23RD, 1917, BY MR. HENRY FOX.

The word reconstruction implies: 1. Dissatisfaction with some existing building, or some social institution, or some mental or moral or spiritual condition; 2. A desire to pull it down and clear the ground; 3. An idea or an inspiration of something better to occupy the ground which has been cleared.

No one reconstructs anything unless he is dissatisfied with it, and has an idea of something better to put in its place. The process really begins with the inspiration of a higher ideal; dissatisfaction results, and this is followed by the clearing of the ground and the rebuilding.

It is an illustration of the fundamental fact of human nature that "thought" is creative and governs "action." As Edward Carpenter observes, the dreamer must precede the doer: the visionary must inspire the practical man.

In other words, spiritual reconstruction must precede social reform; and the value and permanence of the social reconstruction will depend on the nature and extent and progress of the ideals conceived.

In a speech delivered in the House of Commons on March 27th last, the Prime Minister gave us a long list of the gigantic problems before the nation. They comprised "reconstruction" of the trade and industries of the country; the relations between capital and labour; the conditions of life in the country; the health, housing, and education of the people; the relations of this country to the Empire, and of the Empire to the rest of the world. "These," he said, "are the gigantic problems which have to be settled by the new register [of voters]—for the old register excludes the men and women who have made the new Britain possible." Under this new register six million women and two million men will be added to the existing register of eight million men.

Clearly, if the new democracy is to be better qualified to deal with these gigantic problems satisfactorily than the old democracy which has created them, the new must look for some better source of inspiration than was known to or dreamt of by the old. At such a moment it has fallen to the lot of the University of Oxford to offer to all who will take advantage of it, the opportunity of receiving instruction from some of the men best qualified to give it, by attending a series of lectures embracing every branch of these problems, which will be given at Oxford between August 2nd and 12th next.

The cost of the whole course will only be a guinea, including a full guide to all preparatory reading. It is the summer meeting of the great University Extension movement, and for this year the subject selected is "The Near Future: Its Social, Economic and Educational Problems." Full particulars can be obtained by applying to Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, M.A., M.P., secretary of the Oxford University Extension Delegacy, Queen's College, Oxford. Unfortunately this necessary instruction is purely voluntary for voters on the great problems concerned, and there is no examination to be passed to qualify them to exercise the great responsibility of voting on all or any of these subjects.

Under our present remarkable views of an educational franchise, ignorance and knowledge are both equally entitled to express their opinions on some of the greatest problems that ever confronted the human race.

Under these circumstances, it becomes urgently necessary to consider what, in such a crisis of our fate, a democracy distracted by clashing personal interests can possibly do to arrive at sound, wholesome and just conclusions on these gigantic problems of the near future. The dangers of the situation are only equalled by the greatness of the emergency.

Unless these clashing personal interests are dissolved and unified by a process of Spiritual Reconstruction they may lead, on the conclusion of this war, to something almost equally disastrous. The happiest outlook for England would be that the stern fight against a common foe should continue to unite

us in noble self-sacrifice until we are prepared for higher ideals of peace at home.

These ideals—as before suggested—can only be reached by the spiritual stages of dissatisfaction, of pulling down and clearing the ground, and of rebuilding on better lines. But the process cannot even be begun until the individual, as well as the corporate nation, recognises the fundamental fact of human nature, that man is a spiritual animal, that the real man is not his body, nor his physical wants, nor his physical environment; no—nor his intellect either. Even Oxford—where intellect reigns supreme—has not fully realised this yet. If those who have studied man's spiritual nature and its possibilities of further unfolding, and of obtaining spiritual illumination from the source of all knowledge and wisdom, go to Oxford next August in full force, they may carry with them something to give to Oxford in return for Oxford's generous gifts to them.

What is it that creates these clashing interests which separate man from man, dividing them into warring classes and "opposing opposites" and breeding ill-will, rivalry, and disunion, till their lives become more like the lives of the denizens of the jungle than those of spiritual beings bound together by ties of unity and self-sacrifice? Surely it is nothing else than ignorance of their own spiritual nature and capacities. Shakespeare knew these things well when he wrote these inspired words:—

What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!

Clearly Shakespeare did not mean that the creature he described as closed in a "muddy vesture of decay," unable to hear the singing of the stars in their orbits, or "the music of the spheres," acted like an angel or apprehended like a God. But he regarded man as of infinite capacity for the supernatural powers of angelic action, and for his knowledge of God.

If Shakespeare is right, the whole world is wrong and will never rise to the great height of his conception of a man till it recognises, with the poet, the boundlessness of man's powers and capacities.

This, then, is Shakespeare's conception of what we now speak of as Spiritual Reconstruction, the main object of which should be the elimination from our social problems of that great disturbing factor—the clash of personal interests which renders these problems practically unsolvable.

"Opposing interests" is but another name for opposing selfishness, opposing desires for wealth and ease, the comforts and refinements of our modern civilisation. But if you change a man's views of what his highest form of happiness really is—if you convince him that the fulfilment of his spiritual evolution is the real source of a happiness which no troubles or suffering or worldly loss or gain can affect; if you create an ideal in his mind of his destiny, of his evolution and development towards the infinite by aid of his infinite "faculties," his angelic powers of action and his divine powers of "apprehension," then you strike at the root of his selfishness. You change his whole attitude towards life. His point of view becomes entirely altered, and he conceives an idea of unity and brotherhood with his fellow-men which destroys these clashing personal interests, and so renders the great problems of social reconstruction soluble by aid of the spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of all.

We still have a problem to solve even with the disturbing factor of self-interest withdrawn and eliminated. A soldier knows well that even when army discipline has knocked out of his head all idea of his personal wishes and feelings as against his duty to the army and to his fellow soldiers, he still remains an individual man with his own separate feelings and his own separate consciousness. He is still conscious of himself—and he is still waging warfare with his animal nature—still groping upwards and onwards towards new light and higher knowledge. But his problem has now become a spiritual and not a physical problem. It is a problem not of earth but of heaven—not of this life but of all future stages of his existence; and it is a problem whose ultimate solution can

only be reached when he becomes "more like a God" than even Shakespeare could have conceived possible.

Meanwhile this new spirit in his life is progressive and develops in its unfoldment as a continuous and unceasing process of evolution. The first thing it does is to make a free man of him for the rest of his days—free from the fear of evil, for he can destroy evil by his new ways of thinking; free from the fear of death or disaster, for these things do not touch the real man within him; free from his ignorance of our social problems, for he is learning all the while to approach these problems in a spirit which undermines their difficulties.

This phase of Spiritual Reconstruction seems to be the only available weapon which can protect us and our country from the dangers which threaten us all in the coming torrent and deluge of social questions requiring an instant solution lest they overwhelm a land both ignorant, reckless, and unprepared for their real and adequate solution.

NEWS FROM FRANCE.

The Paris "Revue Scientifique et Morale du Spiritisme" contains a warm tribute to the late Général Fix, who passed into the higher life on April 24th at the age of eighty-four. He was an earnest supporter of the Spiritualist movement for many years, and latterly occupied the position of vice-president of the "Société Française d'Etude des Phénomènes Psychiques." One of his last duties as vice-president was to pronounce a eulogy at the tomb of Allan Kardec in the Père Lachaise Cemetery before a large assembly.

In addition to numerous articles in the French Press, he was the author of "Christ, le Christianisme et la Religion de l'Avenir," a book dealing somewhat critically with religion compared with modern scientific investigation.

His attitude was always fearless, and he never hesitated to express his personal views, particularly when the subject of Spiritualism was in question.

It is said that a general once addressed him jokingly—he was then a colonel: "Ah, c'est vous, Colonel Fix, qui croyez à l'existence des esprits?" "Oui, mon général," was the reply, "mais en ce moment, je ne crois pas au vôtre!" The story recalls the one concerning an experimental circle of scoffers who were much tickled at the idea of spirits, and especially that these should be occasionally referred to as "intelligences." "Is there any 'intelligence' here?" said one of them mockingly to the table, which responded for the one and only time with a message, "No, you are all very stupid."

Writing to the above-mentioned journal, a lady correspondent, signing herself "Comtesse Gabrielle de G.," remarks that whereas England is advancing with giant strides in spiritualistic matters, France is lagging sadly behind, and to remedy this she suggests that readers make a point of initiating at least one of their friends into psychic facts.

Whether such a system of obtaining converts is desirable is a matter of opinion. Personally we deprecate it. Spiritualism needs no advertisement, and from a fairly extensive survey of the movement in France we should be inclined to think that Mme. la Comtesse is taking a pessimistic view.

THE BLACK SHEEP AND THE FLOCK.

Mrs. Agnes Marshall, in the course of some remarks on the persecution of mediums, recounts some personal experiences of dishonesty on the part of ministers of the gospel and business men, and asks why it is the custom to distinguish between such wrongdoers and the professions or trades to which they belong, while mediums are all classed indiscriminately as malefactors because of the misdeeds of a few. The reply is, no doubt, that prejudice and bigotry are never reasonable or logical; and the denunciation of roguery is never so vehement as when it proceeds from those whose own lives will not bear too close an inspection. Mrs. Marshall writes truly when she says: "Could the sad and the bad only believe in the continuity of life and in the presence of spirit helpers and unseen witnesses, there would be less grief at the loss of the departed and also less fraud and cruelty."

PROFESSOR JAMES ON MATERIALISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

One may deny matter . . . as strongly as Berkeley did, one may be a phenomenalist like Huxley, and yet one may still be a materialist in the wider sense of explaining higher phenomena by lower ones, and leaving the destinies of the world at the mercy of its blinder parts and forces. It is in this wider sense of the word that materialism is opposed to spiritualism or theism. The laws of physical nature are what run things, materialism says. The highest productions of human genius might be ciphered by one who had complete acquaintance with the facts, out of their physiological conditions, regardless whether nature be there only for our minds, as idealists contend, or not. Our minds in any case would have to record the kind of nature it is, and write it down as operating through blind laws of physics. This is the complexion of present-day materialism, which may better be called naturalism. One against it stands "theism," or what in a wider sense may be termed "spiritualism." Spiritualism says that mind not only witnesses and records things, but also runs and operates them, the world being thus guided, not by its lower, but by its higher element.

Treated as it often is, this question becomes little more than a conflict between æsthetic preferences. Matter is gross, coarse, crass, muddy; spirit is pure, elevated, noble; and since it is more consonant with the dignity of the universe to give the primacy in it to what appears superior, spirit must be affirmed as the ruling principle. To treat abstract principles as finalities, before which our intellects may come to rest in a state of admiring contemplation, is the great rationalist failing. Spiritualism, as often held, may be simply a state of admiration for one kind, and of dislike for another kind, of abstraction. I remember a worthy spiritualist professor who always referred to materialism as the "mud-philosophy," and deemed it thereby refuted. . . .

No, the true objection to materialism is not positive, but negative. It would be farcical at this day to make complaint of it for what it is, for "grossness." Grossness is what grossness does—we now know that. We make complaint of it, on the contrary, for what it is not—not a permanent warrant for our more ideal interests, not a fulfiller of our remotest hopes. Materialism means simply the denial that the moral order is eternal, and the cutting off of ultimate hopes; spiritualism means the affirmation of an eternal moral order and the letting loose of hope.

—From "Pragmatism," by WILLIAM JAMES.

THE PROTECTION OF MEDIUMSHIP.

The London and Provincial Mediums' Union, having its offices at 1, Stanley Gardens, Notting Hill Gate, W. 11, has been formed to protect the interests of all reputable professional mediums practising in Great Britain. The especial objects for which the Union exists are thus stated:—

1. To protect the interests of all professional mediums practising in London and the provinces.
2. To secure by united action capable legal advice and aid through an appointed legal representative of the Union.
3. To establish a fund for the object of contesting any action which shall receive the special recommendation of the Council of the Union.
4. To work for the amendment of the law as it at present applies to the practice of mediumship.

The annual subscription is for London members (i.e., those practising in London or in a radius of twenty-five miles) one guinea, and for country members half a guinea. Mrs. Barbara McKenzie is the hon. secretary, to whom application for membership should be addressed.

ADVERTISEMENT COMPENSATION FUND.

Following is a list of donations received since those acknowledged in our last issue:—

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THE MUSLIM IDEA OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

The writer of an article on "Life After Death" in the June number of the "Islamic Review" quotes the teaching of Al Ghizali, a great Muslim divine who lived eight hundred years ago, regarding the sufferings of the soul after death. There is something in it of the crude fire and brimstone of our own old theology. The pains endured, according to Al Ghizali, all have their source in excessive love of this present world, and every sinner takes with him into the world beyond the instruments of his own punishment.

One kind of spiritual hell is the forcible separation from worldly things to which the heart clings too fondly. Many grieve about within them the germs of such a hell without being aware of it; hereafter they will feel like some king, who, after living in luxury, has been dethroned and made a laughing-stock.

The second kind of spiritual hell is that of shame, when a man wakes up to see the nature of the actions he committed in their naked reality. Thus he who slandered will see himself in the guise of a cannibal eating his dead brother's flesh, and he who envied as one who cast stones against a wall, which stones, rebounding, put out the eyes of his own children.

The third spiritual hell is that of disappointment and failure to reach the real objects of existence. Man was intended to mirror forth the light of the knowledge of God, but if he arrives in the next world with his soul thickly coated with the rust of sensual indulgence, he will entirely fail of the object for which he was made. His disappointment may be figured in the following way: Suppose a man is passing with some companions through a dark wood. Here and there, glimmering on the ground, lie variously coloured stones. His companions collect and carry these and advise him to do the same. "For," say they, "we have heard that these stones will fetch a high price in the place whither we are going." He, on the other hand, laughs at them and calls them fools for loading themselves in the vain hope of gain, while he walks free and unencumbered. Presently they emerge into the full daylight and find that these coloured stones are rubies, emeralds and other jewels of priceless value. The man's disappointment and chagrin at not having gathered some when so easily within his reach may be more easily imagined than described. Such will be the remorse of those hereafter who, while passing through this world, have been at no pains to acquire the jewels of virtue and the treasures of religion.

THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS."

Mr. E. Wake Cook writes:—

I am much obliged to Mr. C. E. Benham for correcting, recently, my error in saying that Bailey, the author of "Festus" found no place in our literary Pantheon, "The Dictionary of National Biography." I was very glad to hear there was an article in the second supplement of that work. I have just read the article, but with the shame and grief one feels on realising that we are unworthy of the great men heaven has sent us, and are blind to their greatness, and the worth of such national assets.

To publish an article by a man absolutely stone blind to the greatness of the man he was writing of is as discreditable as to have omitted Bailey altogether. A Lilliputian was set to assess a Brobdingnagian! The world will continue to know little of its greatest men until it becomes great itself; that Millennium is not yet. Bailey's "Festus" should interest Spiritualists because it is one of the clearest cases of pure inspiration in the whole realm of poetry. He did not say the final word on the sublimest of all subjects, but he advanced the theological conceptions of his time by a full century, and clothed those conceptions with opulent splendours undreamed of before.

We hope next week to publish a report of a deeply interesting address by Dr. Powell, delivered on the 12th inst. at the Institute connected with the Church of St. Jude-on-the-Hill, Golder's Green, on "The Psychic Factor in Sacramentalism."

A STARTLING INVENTION.—I understand that Signor Marconi may be on the eve of a scientific discovery of unique importance—indeed, of such a character as not only to end the present war speedily, but to make future wars impossible—says the "Daily Dispatch" London correspondent. The general idea underlying the new weapon is the possibility of utilising electrical waves for the purpose of annihilating at long range every living creature within a certain zone. It all sounds very mythical, but we have learned since the war that the myths of yesterday are the concrete realities of to-morrow.—"Birmingham Evening Despatch."

THE NIGHT AND THE DAWNING.

IS A SPIRITUAL AWAKENING AT HAND?

BY TAU.

The generality of thinking people look upon the present time as one of transition, and it is, no doubt, possible that we are but witnessing the birthpangs of a new age, and that after all the stress and woe will come the calm of a nobler and therefore more lasting peace than the world has yet known.

"We shall not all die, but we shall all be changed." "Impossible!" says the sceptic; but this may not be so impossible as it appears to be. The Supernal Being could exercise a Divine hypnotism, and the Teacher as His agent could do likewise. What if men of good-will, when talking together, found that a like experience had fallen upon each? In the recesses of their soul they have heard a name, a Divine nomination has taken place within them. No need, then, to say, "Who is He?" for they would know, and knowing would come to the Teacher as surely as the Magi went to Bethlehem. There would be no mistake, and no so-called religious revival, for when one has received the whole number, there is no need for decimal portions.

It may be said that this is a very simple view, but possibly the truth has been largely missed through looking at the summit of the mountain instead of exploring the base.

The line dividing spirit and matter, "the veil of the Temple," is probably thinner than it is generally supposed to be, and to rend a veil should be easier than to break through the wall of a fortress. That a very serious and momentous time is at hand there is no doubt, and if the world-woe fails to teach the lesson which seems destined to be taught, then probably a Divine force, manifesting itself through Nature, will help to recall man to his true senses, bringing the Divine idea nearer to him.

If only the "still small voice" were whispered and those who heard it could make its power outwardly manifest, what a consummation of the prayers and wishes of ages, what a fullness of spirit would be felt, especially by those who, through trials, have plodded their way, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God!

If the spirit in bygone ages took on matter as a means of manifestation, the volatile becoming fixed, may we not infer that a day will dawn when the fixed may become again volatile, and matter be swallowed up in spirit?

"THE HUMAN TOUCH."

Miss E. P. Prentice writes:—

While reading your leading article under the above title (p. 180), there flashed into my brain three beautiful but, I believe, seldom quoted, lines of Whittier's, which I wish could be substituted for the epitaph so false and unhuman, "Faultless before the throne." Grand old Whittier knew better when he wrote—

"Keep the human heart of thee;
Let the mortal only be
Clothed in immortality."

I may be wrong, but to me it seems that it is this survival of the human that forms the basis of a more exalted affection. We love our kin and friends because of their human qualities, though those qualities may be closely associated with frailties and imperfections, perhaps even sins. The prodigal son got a warmer love-reception than his immaculate brother, for love is of the heart and not the head.

"I shrink from unaccustomed glory,
I dread the myriad-voiced strain;
Give me the unforgotten faces,
And let my lost ones speak again."

CONGRATULATIONS to that venerable pioneer in psychical research, as well as great chemist and physicist, Sir William Crookes, O.M., on having on Sunday last, the 17th inst., completed his 85th year. We are glad to learn that he has recovered from his recent illness.

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF JUNE 25TH, 1887.)

The "Brisbane Daily Observer" (March 23rd) reports a case (Pepper v. Windop) which is noteworthy on account of the utterances of the Chief Justice, Sir Charles Lillie, before whom the case was tried. There arose a question of the expectation of one of the witnesses that his wife would have a "miraculous child." Mr. Reinhold said, "Nothing miraculous; there are no miracles"; and the Chief Justice interposed, "Spiritualists claim that their system is not supernatural, and that there is nothing above nature, that it is only like an extension of nature as nature is generally known." And a little later to Mr. Reinhold the Court put the following question: "You are a thorough-going Spiritualist? You thoroughly believe it?" "I do." "Well, many highly cultivated minds agree with it. There are two very fine books written by Dale Owen, which I have read with great interest. They are most interesting as a psychological study." Mr. Power (for the plaintiff): "But he recanted, I believe." "No, he did not." And then there is a statement as to Kate Fox and a "confession of imposture," which I am glad to contradict as a complete mistake. The Chief Justice was not infallible, but he displayed a more rational knowledge of Spiritualism than most of his learned brothers on the Bench at home or abroad.—From "Notes" by "M.A. (Owen)."

"THE CHRIST THAT IS TO BE."

A work which must have cost its author an immense amount of study, thought and labour is "The Prophet of Nazareth" (Kegan Paul, 6s. 6d.), by Elizabetha, the pen-name adopted for this occasion by a lady whose briefer and less ambitious efforts have on previous occasions been favourably noticed in our columns. Here she gives us not merely the story of the life of Jesus, but the whole New Testament from fresh points of view, critically examining, analysing and appraising its contents from beginning to end in the most thorough and exhaustive fashion. Specially valuable, as supporting the substantial truth of the Gospel narrative in its main features, is the chapter on "External Evidences" with which Elizabetha pursues her study of the Pauline Epistles. Then, like Tennyson, she dips into the future and sees many changes—the redemption of womanhood, the better treatment of the brute creation, improvement in the conditions of labour, the substitution everywhere of garden cities for dreary aggregations of buildings with their attendant slums, the legacy of those olden days when space was necessarily restricted because the city had to be walled in and fortified. Best of all, she sees the vision of the day when the kingdoms of the earth shall at last become the kingdoms of Him whose great characteristic is the unfathomable life-giving spirit of Love. "Long has He watched and guided, nor will He cease to watch and guide until all things are accomplished and man is reformed."

Love is the keynote of the future, of its reformations, its work, its strength. Let none, therefore, grow faint-hearted in these hours of tribulation, which will pass, for the beautiful dawn of another and grander day is seen even now on the horizon. Call it a dream if you will, but the dream of a true seer is the reality of the future, the vision of a race supreme in power and a holy love which surpasses all we know by that name now. It will come as the spring comes after the long winter; as youth arises out of childhood, and manhood arises out of youth; it will come as thinking man came after the savagery and the age, the artist and musician after the savage manner and the age, the artist and musician after the savagery of the wilderness; it will come as the Christ came, with words of peace after the crucifixion of the flesh, triumphant in His prophesy of that which is to be.

For the Soul is the first and the last, and holds the keys of death and hell, and of life and heaven, and has the power given it from eternity to become supreme over all things, and to "ascend into the Father."

The frontispiece is a reproduction of the beautiful picture by the late W. Holman, "The Home at Nazareth."

You cannot do your duty to the poor by a society. Your life must touch their life.—PRINCE BONA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Psychic Hospital.

SIR,—Under this heading your correspondent, "J. M." (page 171), refers to the establishment of a Psychic Hospital to be carried on by magnetic healers, and reference is made to my friend, Mr. Hector Waylen (not Dr. as you style him; it is his charming wife who carries that title). I think, however, that I was the originator of that idea, but as the years roll on and interest lagged I was unable to go on with it. Now, however, if any persons are sufficiently interested in the proposal, I shall be pleased to try and correspond with them (if your journal cannot now spare room), for assuredly there is need at this time for such a hospital. Only lately I learned that many thousands of our noble fellows at the front suffer from shock, etc., and suggestion and hypnosis are the cures for such cases. If a hospital can be established, and self-interest and love of gain be eliminated, then I think it should appeal to all broad-minded and sympathetic souls. Magnetic healing and hypnosis are gaining ground at the present time; even so it is better late than never.—Yours, &c.,

ALAN FISHER, M.D., Ph.D.
Nerve Specialist.

"Ardagh,"
Horfield Common West, Bristol.

THE PERSECUTION OF MEDIUMS.

Mr. W. Pickering writes:—

The discharge of virulent pus which you print over the name of H. Ross Clyne in *Light* of the 16th inst., but what you very charitably dignify by terming it an "effusion," almost takes one's breath away! And the writer has the nerve to call himself "a journalist and city councillor." He may quite possibly be a city councillor, as all sorts and conditions get "fuked" into such offices, but his assertion that he is a "journalist" may perhaps be discounted, and you will probably find yourself bombarded with retorts from the Pressmen of Manchester repudiating a person who ignores his Lindsey Murray in the way Mr. Clyne does.

Although *Light* is not a comic paper your readers will probably thank you for giving them a good hearty laugh at the immeasurable conceit of this fellow—"journalist," at the same time regretting that Sir Oliver Lodge should have been the recipient of such vulgar insolence.

ANNA KINGSFORD AND THE WAR.

We have already given Anna Kingsford's supposed prophecy. It is interesting to see that the "Daily News" receives it with enthusiasm:—

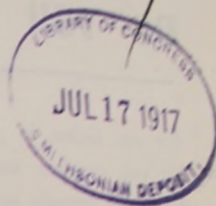
Yet another amazingly near thing in prophecies—the time from Maitland's "Life of Anna Kingsford, M.D." (pp. 298-4), describing a "vision" seen by her on the night of August 5th, 1877. "I perceive a great war in Europe. There are multitudes of soldiers in white uniforms and some in red. All Europe seems at war. . . . It seems to me as if France were about to be destroyed utterly. The invaders' helmet has a spike. . . . All France is doomed. Part will be a German province. I see England in possession of Calais, Normandy, and the British coast; yes, of all the northern shore of France. Belgium seems to me to be Prussian."

The absence of date rather spoils it, but essentially it. Kingsford saw the thing that was to be—for a time—fifty-seven years later.

HOW FORTH.—Mrs. Etta Dufin, of Pennaville, Elms, Herts, acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt (per *Light*) of the following contribution: M. Nissen, £5 5s.

Two editorial notes in the June "Occult Review" lead the reader by easy stages from a consideration of the history of dualism to long and appraisative comments on and quotations from the two most recent works of importance on psychic science—Sir William Barrett's "On the Threshold of the Unseen" and Mr. J. Arthur Hill's "Psychical Investigations." J. W. Beattie-Jones, in his account of "Witchcraft Rituals," relates an experiment of his own which was attended by very unpleasant results. Edith C. Hargrove explains "The Psychic Significance of the Cat"; "Unity" discourses on "Dual Souls"; and Edith K. Harper acquaints us with some of the strange ideas of one Nicholas Cappelger, a seventeenth century astrologer and physician, regarding the mystic association of "Flowers and Stars."

Light:



A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Guthrie.

"WEATHERS DO NOT MAKE HANDS IF IT LIGHT!"—Paul.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

From a South African correspondent, Mr. Herbert Price, the author of a volume of poems of outstanding merit, we receive the following remarkable story:—

In the year 1899 I had occasion to go to a farmhouse in the district of Queenstown. Mr. Fotheringham, the owner of the place, was a man I had known for a number of years. It was therefore natural that he should not hesitate to relate an extraordinary experience (even more extraordinary in the sequel) which had befallen him a couple of days before my visit. He said: "I was sitting here on my stoep the other afternoon enjoying a smoke. The sun was shining from a clear sky. Looking towards the road I saw a funeral procession coming along. I thought it strange, and wondered how it was that I had not heard of a death in our neighbourhood. The procession continued to approach as these thoughts were passing through my mind, and as it came nearer I noticed that all the people following the hearse, and also the bearers, were entire strangers to me. This deepened the mystery, and I naturally became keenly interested. Everything was so clear and natural that no idea of anything uncanny entered my mind. I continued to watch the procession and to wonder at the unaccountability of it all. When the procession came opposite to me there in the roadway I saw my own name on the coffin and the year 1904. I was so startled that I closed my eyes for a moment. I had not noticed the date or the month. The whole vision had vanished when I opened my eyes." Mr. Fotheringham, a year or so after relating this experience to me, left Cape Colony and went to reside in Rhodesia, where he died in 1904, and was buried by strangers, or, at any rate, by people who were unknown to him when he had the future so strangely revealed to him.

In some comments on the story our correspondent remarks: "This sort of thing is most difficult to explain. Does it indicate an implacable fate? Is time only an illusion?"

Mr. Price's story of his friend's vision afterwards so strangely verified has many parallels in the lore of Highland second sight. Indeed, the annals of seership at large abound in cases where the prevision relates to approaching death. In *LIGHT* of July 1st, 1916 (p. 211) we printed an account of the remarkable dream of the late Mr. Edgar Lee, the well-known journalist, in which he saw the tombstone of a living friend, all the singular details of the dream being afterwards fulfilled. Examples of the prophetic faculty are so numerous that only a very ignorant or stupid person would deny them. But, as Mr. Price points out, they raise strange problems. Many times we have been told such things are only compatible with the idea of fixed and unalterable fate. That position we do not for a moment accept. To the fatalist man appears as a puppet, the creature of forces outside of himself. To the Spiritualist

man as a spirit must be part of those forces, and that introduces a factor which upsets the mechanism of the determinist position. It is tolerably certain that a man who takes the night train at St. Pancras for Edinburgh will on the next day step out into that city. It is not quite certain. He may, for example, change his mind on the journey and alight at Hawick, there meeting with adventures which may deter him from reaching Edinburgh at all. We have in mind experiences of prophecies fulfilled in their main events, but curiously wrong in details. Again, as Mr. Price suggests, there arises the question of the nature of Time. But that is a question wholly beyond us. We can only deal with events as a succession. Even so we see the possibility of that succession being susceptible of changes along the spiritual order by reason of the factors of will and intelligence which may determine and modify them. The fate of a boat drifting on the river above a cataract could be predicted with certainty. But not when it contained a skilled oarsman.

* * * *

In *LIGHT* of March 31st we printed some extracts from a letter addressed by Mr. J. W. Sharpe, of Bourne-mouth, to Mrs. Rachel Fox on the subject of her latest work, "Revelation on Revelation." We have now received an account of some clairvoyant visions beheld by Mr. Sharpe, which we publish elsewhere in the present issue. As will be observed, they relate to the vexed question of Joanna Southcott and her mysterious box alleged to contain revelations having a vital bearing on the present national crisis, which more than a century ago she appears to have foretold. It may be due to lack of faith, vision, or the "illative sense" on our part, but we could never take more than an academic interest in the history of the Devonshire prophetess. She certainly showed clear traces of genuine psychic power, as any impartial student of her life cannot but admit, but it was overlaid with much that to us seems evidentially valueless. Several mediums to-day show the same characteristics. They have not outgrown the stage of psychological confusion. But on any view of the case it seems a pity that the mysterious box cannot be opened, and the nature and value of its contents settled one way or the other. Mr. Sharpe we know as an able and scholarly student of psychical science; Mrs. Fox's works reveal her to be a writer of marked ability; and their opinions are entitled to a respectful hearing. As an examination of the contents of Joanna's sealed box appears to be the chief criterion of the validity of their contentions, the moral is obvious.

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THE PSYCHIC FACTOR IN SACRAMENTALISM.

Dr. Ellis Powell recently delivered a couple of lectures in the Institute, Golder's Green, to the congregation of St. Jude-on-the-Hill. The Vicar, the Rev. B. G. Bouchier, M.A., occupied the chair, and there were crowded audiences. Towards the end of his second lecture Dr. Powell indicated some of the psychic aspects of the Holy Communion service in the Anglican ritual. He quoted the well-known passage from Myers:—

In the law of telepathy developing into the law of spiritual intercommunication between incarnate and discarnate spirits, we see dimly adumbrated before our eyes the highest law with which our human science can conceivably have to deal. The discovery of telepathy opens before us a potential communication between all life. And if, as our present evidence indicates, this telepathic intercourse can subsist between embodied and disembodied souls, that law must needs lie at the very centre of cosmic evolution. It will be evolutionary, as depending on a faculty now in course of development.

Dr. Powell proceeded: Have no hesitation in projecting your thoughts towards those whom you wish to certify of your unbroken and yearning love. Do not be satisfied to affirm, Sunday after Sunday, that you *believe* in the Communion of Saints, without translating faith into practice and experience. As Myers said:—

The Communion of Saints not only adorns but constitutes the Life Everlasting. Nay, from the law of telepathy it follows that that communion is valid for us here and now. Even now the love of souls departed makes answer to our invocations. Even now our loving memory—love is itself a prayer—supports and strengthens those delivered spirits upon their upward way. No wonder, since we are to them but as fellow-travellers shrouded in a mist; "neither death, nor life, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature" can bar us from the hearth-fire of the universe, or hide for more than a moment the inconceivable oneness of souls.

What is, for the Church Catholic, her supreme effort to realise the Communion of Saints, both in its individual and corporate aspect? Surely there can be but one answer—the sublime service which we call the Holy Communion—the Mass wherein the soul is *sent* into the invisible—as the very word "mass" (if it be a corruption of the old Latin formula, *Ita, Missa est*), would itself suggest. Let us for a moment look reverently behind the ceremonial and endeavour to discern its psychic significance. We saw that the soul body probably consisted of the vivifying and controlling factors which directed and dominated the physical organism. They will be strongly and compactly knit in the spirit spheres just in proportion as the individuality is firmly consolidated and unified. This is not theology, but science. Let me quote a scientist, Dr. Fournier d'Albe, so that you may not imagine I am guilty of a mere flight of enthusiastic fancy:—

We may take it for granted that the more the self-consciousness and the will are developed, the more permanent is the individuality. The individuals of the human race have therefore the best chances of real (*i.e.*, permanent) immortality. The development of the individual goes hand in hand with his training in altruistic activity. Both factors make for permanent survival. He is made strong, and he is made useful—strong to defend himself, useful in forwarding the interests of the community. Permanent survival thus depends upon two factors, each of them of independent value, but both together forming an irresistible combination.

If I would have my life-knot strong and secure, I must see to it that all the psychomeres [*i.e.*, the soul-particles] which obey my will feel thoroughly at one, and firmly bound together in a common cause. "Union is strength." I must fill their lives with a common inspiration. They will strengthen me, and I, in turn, shall strengthen them. If, for any reason, I am personally unable to give them that firm government and vital inspiration which they need, I must get it from above—*i.e.*, by attaching myself closely to a larger organism, entering its service with loyalty and glad devotion, and hand that loyalty and gladness down to them that serve me. I must be wise in my choice of that higher organism, that Master whom I will serve. He must be able to command my unswerving love and devotion. He must be strong, and His strength must be permanent too, and for the same reason—*i.e.*, because it is in

accordance with the greatest good. Thus I can safely defy immeasurable eternities before me.

Attaching myself to a larger organism, able to command an unswerving love and devotion! How easily has the language of science merged into the confession of faith! For the larger organism is simply the Church Catholic on both sides of the veil, which is to grow up into union with Him who is our God, even Christ. Dependent on Him, the whole body—its various parts closely fitting and firmly adhering one to another—grows by the aid of every contributory link, with power proportional to the need of each individual part, so as to build itself up in a spirit of love. Those words, which sound to you so like an enunciation from some modern scientific treatise, are only a passage from St. Paul's epistle to the Ephesians rendered into modern English, so easily do the words of the great apostle himself, the greatest of all psychic scientists save One, lend themselves to the elucidation of psychic principles to a twentieth century audience. Let me conclude, then, by a brief study of an Anglican High Mass from the psychic point of view.

Our sublime Holy Communion service opens with the prayer for purity of thought—

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name.

That touching and beautiful petition, which can be traced back to the eighth century and is probably one of the prayers of the early Church, is the favourite invocation of our unseen helpers on the other side. Many a time have I pronounced it at their request. If we ask why a prayer for purity should be the prelude to a service which is the most exalted and intimate solemnity of the Communion of Saints, we have the answer in a verse of Tennyson—

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Must be the man whose thoughts would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

The prayer for purity is followed by a rehearsal of an ancient code of legislation as to social duty—the Ten Commandments—a code which is ethical rather than spiritual. It is followed by a reminder of the claims of humanity in its political aspect, a prayer for the King—that is, an acknowledgment of corporate civic allegiance in its earthly sense. Then comes what one may reverently call a transition to a higher level, through the collect, epistle and gospel, in their turn succeeded by the profession of faith called the Nicene Creed, which has formed a part of the Eucharistic celebration since the fifth century, and contains a passage: "We await the upstanding of the dead"—(*Προσδοκῶμεν ἀναστῆναι νεκρῶν*)—unparalleled in its outspokenness by any of the other creeds. The collection of the alms and oblations (another reminder of the corporate duty from an earthly point of view) brings this preliminary portion of the service to a close.

Then comes another transition to a still loftier spiritual height. We pray for the whole state of Christ's Church, militant here in earth; but the departed are brought definitely within the contemplation of the celebration: "We also bless thy Holy Name for all thy servants departed this life in thy faith and fear." Confession and absolution once more raise the spiritual level—if one may use such language, so imperfect and yet so inevitable—until we are able confidently to affirm the presence of more than the Church militant. "Therefore with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven"—some actually present, and others psychically participants—"we laud and magnify thy glorious name." The consecration and administration of the Holy Elements raise the celebration almost to its climax.

Meanwhile, to the clairvoyant eye, the clouds of thought-forms projected from the worshippers towards the altar, and originally blue because the service opens in the realm of ethical and social duty, have been changing to indigo, purple and violet. The spirit celebrant has assumed his share of the

glorious ceremonial, and a host of souls drawn by affinity to their loved ones, have joined the throng. The aura of the church itself—for every building possesses one—glows with augmented radiance, and is visualised in the spirit world as the source of a luminous shaft, shooting upwards like a searchlight. Inside the church the atmosphere is charged with intense spiritual energy. Effort after effort has been made to picture the conditions in words intelligible to our finite minds. In one of the most beautiful stories in "The Light Invisible," the late Father Benson spoke of it as a mighty stirring and movement in the tabernacle:—

Something within it beat like a vast heart, and the vibrations of each pulse seemed to quiver through all the ground. Or you may picture it as the movement of a clear, deep pool when the basin that contains it is jarred; it seemed like the movement of circular ripples crossing and recrossing in swift thrills. Or you may think of it as that faint movement of light and shade that may be seen in the heart of a white-hot furnace. Or, again, you may picture it as sound—as the sound of a high ship-mast, with the rigging, in a steady wind; or the sound of deep woods in a July noon. . . . I perceived that this black figure of the praying nun knelt at the centre of reality and force, and with the movements of her will and lips controlled spiritual destinies for eternity. There ran out from this peaceful chapel lines of spiritual power that lost themselves in the distance, bewildering in their profusion and terrible in the intensity of their hidden fire.

Vivid as it is, the description fails in adequacy because we have no terms, in terrestrial language, which are equal to the task: and we have no words because the things themselves are outside the limits of our normal experience. But when we unite in one supreme act the Sacramental mystery, the prayer, the yearning, the love of the thronging souls of the departed compassing us about like a cloud of witnesses, the music, the incense, and the artistic beauty of a ceremonial and a symbolism where art "comes full tide"—when these have all wrought their subtle psychic influence, the power attains its zenith. And at this point we reach the inevitable climax of the service—that sublime petition which specifically and unmistakably brings the souls of the departed into the prayers of the Church on earth—"Beseeching thee to grant that by the merits and death of thy Son Jesus Christ and through faith in his blood we and all thy whole Church may obtain remission of our sins and all other benefits of his passion." We and *all thy whole Church!*

One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

Then, with the triumphant Gloria long ago sung to clairvoyant and clairaudent shepherds by the Angel host, the stately and pregnant ceremonial, itself the adumbration of mysteries which pass all comprehension, the communication of ideas that are incommunicable save to the psychic faculties, ends with the peace which is equally beyond all human understanding.

But while there remains fresh in your minds the reminiscence of the artistic beauty of the ritual, both on this side and on the other, let us remember that Catholic ceremonial was made into a fine art for the single purpose of expressing the idea of Sacramentalism—in fact, as Mr. Cram declares, came into existence to voice with perfect potency this greatest of all scientific discoveries, Sacramentalism. For ritual, as he says, "is quite inexcusable if it is founded on a mere love of pretty things: if it is used as a language the idea must lie behind, and the idea that is voiced by Catholic ceremonial is certainly Catholic and Sacramental"—and, as I would say without hesitation, psychic also. It is an idea voiced in that wonder of perfect art, the Prayer Book, based upon that greater wonder of spiritual and literary art, the Bible—in many passages far finer in its English garb than in the original—and symbolically communicated by the celebration of a mystery unfathomable by the human intellect, with such auxiliaries as vestments "ancient in honour, reminiscent of centuries of splendid history, beautiful in form, in colour, in materials," as well as the music which is the earthly utterance of a celestial language which we knew in the world whence we came, and the incense which (again to quote

Mr. Cram) is "almost the oldest spiritual symbol in the world." Add to joy in that majestic and pregnant ceremonial the knowledge that another, infinitely more magnificent, is simultaneous with it on the other side of life, realise that you yourselves will, in a few short years, stand among the great multitude which no man can number, and see all these glories with eyes unclouded by mortal limitations—and you will understand, as never before, why a prayer for purity should be the prelude of an advance into these sanctified presences. Perhaps you may also comprehend why we claim, with absolute if humble confidence, that psychic science enriches and deepens devotion, and adds a new significance and lustre to every act of worship.

ECSTASY.

All mystics seem to be of one mind in regard to the final earthly stage of a lifelong devotion to practical mysticism. The noble Plotinus is said to have attained to a condition of ecstasy or spiritual rapture four times in six years. Philo Judæus, writing nineteen centuries ago, gives us his experience of a state preliminary to ecstasy, a condition testified to by Swedenborg, Augustine, Behmen, and many others. Philo says that he suddenly became full, ideas being in an invisible manner showered upon me and implanted in me from on high. Then I have been conscious of a richness of interpretation, an enjoyment of light, a most penetrating sight, a most manifest energy in all that was done, having such an effect on my mind as the clearest ocular demonstration would have on my eyes.

Swedenborg had not only this class of experience, but also that of ecstasy or rapture—the mystic "rest on the bosom of the Lord."

The late Poet Laureate, Lord Tennyson, in spite of much formalism, was largely a mystic, and never more so than when he decried the worthlessness of knowledge divorced from love and faith, which he described as "some wild Pallas from the brain of Demos." Yet again he describes knowledge as—

"the swallow on the lake
That sees and stirs the surface shadow there
But never yet hath dipt into the abysm."

By "the abysm" we know the poet meant
"the abysmal depths of personality."

"The Palace of Art" shows Tennyson as a true mystic, from the moment when he builds his soul "a lordly pleasure house wherein at ease for aye to dwell" to the close when plagued with sore despair he prays for "a cottage in the vale where he may mourn and pray."

The Laureate climbed till, as he says of himself, he stood "on the heights of life with a glimpse of a height that is higher," and from thence he beheld the Lord as "an awful rose of dawn."

In "The Ancient Sage," a poem written late in life and but little known, Tennyson gives his own experience in the words:—

More than once when I
Sat all alone revolving in myself
The word that is the symbol of myself,
The mortal limit of the self was loosed
And passed into the nameless as a cloud
Melts into heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the limbs
Were strange, not mine, and yet no shade of doubt,
But utter clearness, and thro' loss of self
The gain of such large life as match'd with ours
Were sun to spark, unshadowable in words
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world.

—From "Mysticism," by F. W. RICHARDSON.

"IS GOD DEAD?"

The remark of Miss E. P. Prentice (p. 192) that "man is made sensitive to self-interest: eliminate the self, and he is at once spiritual," may be misunderstood when coupled with her further statement that the universalised good alone survives for the benefit of the race. In truth, man finds his real self by "eliminating" his human self. Mark all humanity, and it will be found that those only who live not in themselves but in others have found happiness. Self-consciousness is eternal in the soul of man, and it is *pure* only when free from the human bodily self.

F. C. CONSTABLE.

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THE LINK.

Writing more than thirty years ago, the Rev. William Stainton Moses ("M.A. Oxon") said:—

Spiritualism has had many opponents. Science has looked down on it with a cold sneer; Philosophy has tabooed it; Fashion has given it the cold shoulder, though now with proverbial fickleness she is coquetting with the subject that she once looked askance at; and Theology has roundly asserted that it is the work of the great Father of Lies, diabolic in its origin and devilish in its outcome. Perhaps this last objection is the most dangerous of all. Superstition dies hard, more especially when the "craft is in danger." From time immemorial the devil has been the convenient scapegoat on which every inconvenient truth has been fastened.

Of course it is an obligation of courtesy to receive this "argument" from Theology with gravity, although some of us feel strongly inclined at times to treat such an infantile objection with good-natured contempt. It is so very childish, but fortunately it has its amusing side. It has come frequently from people whom it is quite impossible to regard as pure and saint-like; it has moved so many persons whose lives and characters were more than doubtful to a fervid display of pious zeal against the "enemy of souls." Many a poor man or woman whom Nature has endowed with psychic powers has been harried, assaulted, pelted with abuse and clods, slandered and boycotted by those whom not even the most rancorous priest could have regarded as being really inspired by zeal for religion. It would need the pen of Swift or the biting wit of Sydney Smith to bring out the full irony of the situation by showing the straits to which Theology was reduced when it stood in need of such a defence and such defenders.

To-day, when, under the stress of a world-war, the question is being brought home to thinking and unthinking alike, the argument of diabolism is slowly receiving its quietus. It has only become conspicuous by reason of the higher relief into which our subject has been thrown, and the paucity of other arguments as a consequence of a greater diffusion of knowledge amongst the more studious and reflective classes.

In the chapter, "Conflicting Objections of Science and Religion," in his latest book, "On the Threshold of the Unseen," Sir William Barrett deals with the matter in a way which well illustrates some of the changes that have taken place since "M.A.(Oxon.)" wrote the article from which we have quoted. In the course of that chapter Sir William remarks:—

Although the province of religion is the region of faith, yet, surely, as a handmaid to faith, the evidence afforded by

Spiritualism ought to be welcomed by it. Yet, strangely enough, it is these two great authorities, Science and Religion, which have largely blocked the way. And when we ask the leaders of thought in each to give us the ground for their opposition, we find their reasons are mutually destructive.

That is a point we have made before in these pages: the arguments (such as they are) cancel each other—a fact which is going to save the protagonists of Psychic Science a world of trouble. We can almost afford to wait quietly, merely affirming our conclusions until our strangely-assorted enemies have settled their own differences, which, indeed, can only be resolved by a general acceptance of a philosophy which holds the key to the problems of both.

Sir William Barrett's remarks well illustrate our contention. For in the chapter under notice, while showing that conservatism may be helpful in checking rash or hasty deviations from the recognised order of things, he contends that the time is now ripe for an inquiry into psychical phenomena in order to determine one of the most important issues with which Science can concern itself—*i.e.*, "whether the present life is the entrance to an infinite and unseen world beyond or 'the universe but a soulless interaction of atoms and life a paltry misery closed in the grave.'" On the other hand, he shows the true meaning of the Biblical warnings and the misconceptions to which they have given rise. The Hebrew prophets did not condemn psychical faculty, for they themselves possessed it. They condemned those forms of it which were practised by the pagan nations around, and the practice of which tended to obscure the Divine idea and weaken faith in the one Supreme Being.

With no knowledge of the great world-order such as we now possess, the intellectual and moral sense of the people would only have been confounded by these psychical phenomena.

It is a chapter which may be cordially commended to the attention of both scientist and theologian.

Let us conclude with a few words from our own standpoint on what we regard as the root causes of the difference between Science and Religion as especially exemplified in the controversy on these psychical questions. As we see it, Science deals with external origins and Religion with interior ultimates, and there is always an apparent gulf between them which can only be bridged by such an intermediate as psychical science represents. It is really the LINK between them—although neither has yet recognised the fact. In its evolution from the purely animal stage with its simple instincts, mankind is emerging into a region in which the mechanical laws and principles known to Science as Nature become merged, with every circumstance of confusion and complexity, into a higher grade of conditions none the less natural because they are known to Theology as spiritual. It is the *psychological* region and appears to bring in a great deal that is bewildering and repugnant to Science on the one hand and to Religion on the other. It is like the meeting of two streams—there are eddies and currents, and the water becomes turbid for a time. Many things, strange and weird-looking, come to the surface, and those who hold by the "primal sanities" find themselves disturbed by the appearance of elements that seem unnatural, out of harmony with an intelligible world order. But these things are simply in the human consciousness, temporarily psychologised by this particular evolutionary process. The distortions are in the mind—they are not in Nature, whether the lower (physical) or the higher (spiritual). It is a "critical point" in evolution.

Its terrific meaning and intensity is proved by the world-war now raging, for the war has a spiritual and psychical significance vastly greater than the material causes which seemed most conspicuous in its outbreak.

AFTER DEATH—WHAT?

ADDRESS BY THE REV. DR. COBB.

On Monday afternoon, the 18th inst., at the London residence of Lady Glenconner, the Rev. Dr. Cobb, Rector of St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, delivered an address under the above title, Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., presiding.

In his introductory remarks, Sir Oliver Lodge said that Science was divisible into two parts—pure Science and applied Science. His own work was connected with the former, which meant investigation; Dr. Cobb dealt with the latter, which meant application to life. If Dr. Cobb was going to tell them what happened after death, it would be probably from knowledge he had acquired as the result of scientific inquiry.

The REV. DR. COBB in commencing his address said that he could not disagree with so distinguished a scientist as the chairman; but if he had continued his remarks he felt sure that they would have committed him (the speaker) much more deeply. (Laughter.) As a matter of fact, he did not propose to discuss anything that he might have gained by his personal investigations, because these had been too scanty and carried on over too short a space of time to justify him in making any definite observations. He did not wish to poach on the preserves of a man like Sir Oliver Lodge, who had studied deeply the phenomena connected with the appearance of spirits behind the veil, nor did he think he was competent to do so even if he wished it. He intended to confine himself to what was called the prolegomena of the subject; and he did so for this reason: there was an extraordinary amount of ignorance and indifference surrounding the entire question. He used the word indifference quite advisedly. On looking round one found it difficult to believe that the average individual took the slightest interest in the question whether he lived after death. His interests were merely in the approximate future—the kind of life he was to live before he passed from the earth. This view of the matter was borne out by observation of the curious arguments currently used on behalf of man's immortality.

Dr. Cobb then passed in review some of these arguments, which are sufficiently familiar to most of those who have seriously studied the question. There was the argument from the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. With all respect for those whose faith was centred in this event, it might be held that in this case a very large superstructure was placed on a not completely assured foundation. They were basing their belief on a historical event which occurred in an age when historical criticism was totally lacking, and it was likely that if we knew more about the intellectual condition of those early days we should find that whatever took place had not been accurately recorded, or the records rigorously examined and corrected. A further difficulty was that, assuming the exact truth of the records, it might be objected that Jesus Christ was so extraordinarily and specially different from the rest of mankind that we could not apply the argument from Him to very inferior mortals like ourselves.

Again, it had been urged that this life was so very imperfect, so shot through with injustice and misery, apparently so deficient in rational and moral order, that another life must be postulated as a moral necessity to adjust the defective balance of this. Well, there was a certain amount of truth in that argument, but it was really a matter of values—it rested upon faith rather than investigation. Another argument was drawn from the sense of aspiration, of desire for a life hereafter, which sprang up spontaneously in the human heart. But while that was true of many of us, it was unfortunately not true of a vast number of others. Millions of people who followed the faith of Buddhism did not desire to live again. They had been taught to aspire towards a cessation of personal consciousness.

The argument in Butler's analogy—now quite out of date—that the soul was a simple substance, like the atom, something indivisible, which could not be broken up—that argument he merely mentioned to dismiss it.

In this matter he looked at the other side of the question,

that whatever might be said for purely academic arguments for human survival, there was no valid argument which could be brought to deny man's immortality. Metchnikoff denied that there was any valid argument for it. That was because his hand had become subdued to what it worked in. Metchnikoff was concerned with experiments with bacilli, and his outlook was coloured by his avocation. Even so, physiologists might be disposed to concede even to bacilli a quasi immortality, "But," continued Dr. Cobb, "I should be disposed to dismiss without further ado any kind of argument drawn from the lower aspects of life. You cannot judge the true nature of man by an investigation of his smallest aspects. I prefer to regard man as an immortal spirit, functioning for a time in a mortal body. As to the question, 'After death—what?' you can only decide this by first asking, 'Before death—what?' We must first take the trouble to inform ourselves of the true nature of man before he dies. (Applause.) There is no scientific literature of death at all. A great deal has been written by poets and literary men on the subject of death, but Science is dumb."

The speaker then proceeded to deal with the causes of death—disease, infirmity, and accident. If it were possible to bring about a condition in which these causes could no longer operate, there was no reason why man should ever die. We could not discover anything in Nature about death except that it was universally operative. But all that could be said about it was that it was the cessation of life. But this was a purely negative definition. It did not say what death was but only what it was not. The explanation was that the human intellect could only deal with the mechanical side of things. The same mystery surrounded life itself. Herbert Spencer had said that life was the adjustment of internal relations to external relations: which left us no wiser. What was this wonderful thing that went on year after year adjusting itself to external relations? Huxley suggested that life was a kind of epiphenomenon—something which if you mixed certain elements in the right way would be found to come out of them as a sort of by-product. Dr. Chalmers Mitchell told us that life was associated with matter, a result of the high complexity of the compounds which made up the animal organism. But his explanation carried us no further than the theories of Spencer or Huxley. But this at least could be said—life is a power working through its own instrument. All the force or power which Science dealt with might be described as depersonalised life or depersonalised will—manifesting itself in the shape of gravity, molecular attraction, cohesion, and rising in grade until it functioned in the human form. The more complex, the more highly developed the form the higher was the manifestation of life.

But clearly life did not depend on the possession or destruction of its particular body. When that body no longer subserved its purpose it transferred itself to another body. It was not tied up to the possession or use of the body through which it functioned.

But in its gradual ascent through successive forms there came a time when it functioned for the first time as an individual. Now the term "individual" could not correctly be applied to any atom merely because it was theoretically indivisible. The term meant more than that. It was necessary to any rational conception of immortality. It did not simply mean that any particular person was an individual because he was conscious that he was not some other person. If all of those present were able to rise to such a height of perfection that all the discords and differences, all the elements of division and separateness were dissolved, so that a complete unity were established, we should have an individual, and that individual would be immortal. All philosophy was agreed that such an individual was God himself. But it was not necessary to reach such a transcendent state in order to make us indestructible; it was sufficient to possess it even in an imperfect measure, and thus to be immortal. But immortality did not imply a never-ending life in terms of time. Immortality was a state outside of time, and that state was conditional; it depended on the fitness of the individual to receive that gift of immortality, which was a qualitative and not a quantitative matter.

Mr. H. G. Wells' objection that the desire for a future life was a matter of selfish egotism was not a valid one. Not to desire immortality was equivalent to rejecting it as an unworthy gift, and if that gift was to be of any use to us, it must be a *personal* gift. (Applause.) Any other kind of immortality (like that of the Positivists, for example) was unsatisfying. It was not a question of endless life in the Time sense, but of an exalted condition of the life—pure and noble—a worthy object of aspiration and desire.

Dr. Cobb then traced some of the conclusions flowing from this idea. It meant that man, as a spiritual being with potentialities of consciousness raising him high above the animal kingdom, was, as it were, an organ of God—an immortal appanage of the Deity Himself—we were as necessary to God as God was necessary to us.

In adopting this view he was using more than faith; he was exercising a reasoned faith that would stand the test of experience and criticism—it was part of the necessity involved in the conception of a coherent and reasonable Universe.

After some further consideration of the point, in which he dealt with the question of the subliminal consciousness and those "abyssal depths of personality," the sense of which has led the best thinkers to the conclusion that in man only a small part of an existence rooted in a transcendent Reality comes to the surface, Dr. Cobb dealt with the question of pre-existence which, as he explained, is not the same thing as reincarnation. It was an unescapable conclusion that every human life was a continuance of some preceding form of life or condition of existence. It was quite legitimate to invert the usual order of things by saying man died and he was born, *i.e.*, he died to some previous pre-human state and was born into some higher post-human condition. As to his future state it was clear that his life would continue to function in association with some external form, and he recalled the saying of St. Paul, "There is a natural body and a spiritual body." The analogy was complete. All the processes of life involved a transition from body to body—the old form when it no longer served was subsumed and a new organism developed to carry on the purposes of the life principle.

Dr. Cobb next dealt with the question of evidences, but only, as he said, in a restrained form, because here he was on ground with which, unlike Sir Oliver Lodge, he had not made himself perfectly familiar. Those Churchmen who assailed psychic evidence were centuries behind the times. They were born too late, and their arguments were derived from the period between 1230 and 1430. Before then a more or less rational view of psychical facts prevailed. This was followed by a perversion of view which resulted in the idea that these things were diabolical—hence the burning of Joan of Arc. The Church said psychical phenomena were demonology: the Legislature said they had no existence. The sooner the foolish laws enacted against psychic facts were amended the better, especially as an important science was now arising to tell us not only that such facts existed but the meaning of them. That science could aid the Church, for Science could instruct the Church on the question of what things in the external side of life were true and what they stood for, and the Church could then make use of them.

Describing some of Dr. Crawford's experiments Dr. Cobb pointed to that scientist's report on new or hitherto uninvestigated forms of matter. It was not essential that Dr. Crawford should have testified to the action of unseen human intelligence, although he had made a claim to have done so. His experiments could be regarded solely from the standpoint of the discovery of unsuspected powers and qualities in the psychical world, because these things had a very important and significant bearing on the whole question. There was ample evidence amongst the records of psychic phenomena, however much some of them pointed to mysterious powers in the incarnate human, of human intelligence and activity from beyond the veil. But from every standpoint Psychic Science was one of the greatest sciences which had yet come into existence. Meanwhile we had to sail on an even keel between credulity on the one side and scepticism on the other. (Applause.)

Some discussion followed, in which Sir Oliver Lodge and other members of the audience took part. Sir Oliver said that he was in cordial agreement with most of Dr. Cobb's remarks. They had been accused by the Church of necromancy; but he did not feel that the charge could be established. After a reference to the miracles of Jesus Christ in raising the dead, regarding which no charge of necromancy was levelled in these days, whatever the Pharisees of old might have said about the matter, he pointed out that Psychical Research did not concern itself with dead bodies; it never interfered with the dead. It merely entered into communication with the surviving spirit. On the question of the nature of life he did not regard life as identical with force or energy. Life was something that directed energy. Nor did he believe that the same kind of life was operative in all forms of existence. He thought life had a kind of identity, that the kind of life which made the oak would always make the oak. There was an individuality about life and that individuality would persist. But that was not what we meant by personality. By personality we meant something which manifested some of the higher attributes of life—a very important point. As to conditional immortality, he did not agree with the lecturer. He thought immortality applied to all who had developed sufficiently the human character to persist as human beings. A man might desire for certain reasons to escape the fate of continued existence, but he could not do it, he was under compulsion, and had better make the best of it.

The meeting closed with an expression of thanks to the speaker by the Chairman on behalf of the audience.

THE DIVINING ROD.

ITS USE IN DISCOVERING MINERALS.

In reference to the Note in LIGHT of the 16th inst. (page 185), dealing with the clairoscope as described by Miss Lilian Whiting, it is interesting to find that writing in this journal of February 9th, 1907 (pp. 64-5), Mr. H. Blackwell gave the following account of the use of the divining rod as applied to minerals:—

About the year 1900 I became greatly interested in the literature of the divining rod, and shortly after, when in Canada, was fortunate enough to meet an elderly man who was not only influenced by underground streams, but also by mineral veins. Of his genuineness I had absolute proof, for when "set" on a rich reef, nothing would induce him to remain longer than a few seconds, owing to the consequent utter exhaustion. He informed me that on one occasion he had been tested when travelling on a steamer, and that he had accurately located the exact position of a mineral lode which passed under the bay.

After a careful study of the effect, I soon discarded the suggested theories of "unconscious muscular action" and of any "kind of transcendental discernment possessed by the subconscious self," although, probably, in certain exceptional cases (as in the well-known one of Jacques Aymar, in France, who traced and was the means of capturing three murderers), an attendant guiding spirit who causes the rod to move is the correct explanation.

Coming to the conclusion that the movement was usually due to some magnetic or other force not yet recognised, to which certain persons only were attuned, I determined to try if photography would in any way help to solve the problem which has puzzled investigators for hundreds of years. After taking photographs of the dowser on several occasions, I was gratified to find that some of the negatives, which were developed at a professional photographer's, showed distinct markings of an abnormal character as of a small cloud and flash of light. Somewhat corroborating this result, a photograph of a magnet (which is now before me) shows clearly the emanation streaming from its poles, and this, by the way, confirms the observations of that patient inquirer, Baron Reichenbach. Finding, also, that I was susceptible to the force or influence, on my return to England I enlisted the services of three clairvoyant friends, thinking that their ability to cognise a high rate of vibrations might help to further elucidate the mystery. The experiments were carried out in my garden, as a strong stream of water crosses one portion of it at a considerable depth underground. The results were exceedingly instructive and interesting. Directly the rod commenced to go down, one of the two ladies saw a fine cloud or aura issue

from my hands, and also from the nape of my neck, while the other lady noticed an emanation coming from the apex of the rod, and also from the top of my head. The experiments were repeated after nightfall, as I desired to know if the vibrations were luminous. The ladies observed a faint light dart down the handles of the rod towards the point and then disappear in a minute cloud, "like steam from a kettle." The gentleman did not see this, but noticed some half-a-dozen globules of blue light which changed in colour to red while dancing up and down . . .

It does not appear to be electricity, as when wearing thick rubber boots owing to the snow-covered ground, I have successfully traced the course of a vein of iron ore, and after insulating a lady sensitive on glass supports, with the handles of the rod in glass bottles, we found that even then the rod freely turned when over water. Glass, however, would not cut off the flow of *magnetism*. It is also desirable to note that slightly different results will be obtained from each dowser, for, like all mediums, they differ as to their sensitiveness.

It is satisfactory to find that the Germans, headed by their versatile Kaiser, have lately been experimenting with the rod, and a Berlin scientist, Herr K. Gruhn, has just announced that he is of the opinion that all bodies give out emanations, each of them possessing an emanation of its own. Probably he is not aware that over fifty years ago, the great seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, wrote in "The Great Harmonia" that:—

"Earth gives off one particular colour, stones another and minerals another. . . Beds of zinc, copper, silver and gold each, like the different organs of the body, give off divers kinds of luminous atmospheres or emanations more or less bright and beautiful."

As the result of his labours, Herr Gruhn claims to have discovered a physical apparatus for locating underground reservoirs of petroleum.

I understand that curious lights or flames, playing over or proceeding from the various veins, can occasionally be seen in Cornwall and other mining districts. It is well known that not only precious supplies of water, but valuable deposits of oil, coal and other minerals have frequently been located by the indication of the rod.

In total darkness and in a district quite new to me I have pointed out the exact position of a coal seam, and have given its correct width. It is, however, desirable to state that the vibrations can only be sensed when they proceed from a vein or seam on its edge—i.e., within the space bounded by its walls, and if there be an outcrop the vibrations are thereby dispersed or lost. They ascend to the surface vertically, and I have caught them when travelling in a carriage or train. When this law is better understood, and the contempt and foolish derision of our scientists give place to painstaking and careful examination, then its enormous value for prospecting purposes and extracting the hidden treasures of Nature, in the shape of covered or blind reefs, coal seams, and watercourses will be more highly appreciated. By different meters attached to my rod I can tell whether I am over a coal seam, or iron, or manganese ore, &c., and it will possibly be found that every mineral—nay, every substance in the earth when in sufficient mass—has a message or vibration for the suitably attuned receiver, whether human or inanimate.

THE "Daily News" reports that in a will case which opened in the Scottish Courts at Edinburgh last week the curious statement was made in the defence that the hiding-place of the will was revealed in a dream.

I HAVE in my possession six messages written without the aid of human hands and without the aid of a professional medium, signed by the invisible helpers, and one signed by the name of a dear relative, and all in a brilliantly lighted room. Surely I do not hesitate to say that my own personal experiences have been such as to render impregnable my belief in the existence of spiritual presences upon earth.—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"Try the spirits whether they be of God," was the advice of the Apostle. The surest indication of whether an influence is of God or not will be found in its effect on character. If the influence which purports to come from the spirit world makes us both more loving and more *humble*; teaches us to think less of ourselves and of our own importance, and more of our work and of the interests of others; if it makes us more lovable in our homes and more welcome in the society of our fellow-men, then whether we can identify the "control" or not, we may safely trust the influence that works in us as emanating from a source which is pure and good and intended to advance our soul's development.—"Objections to Spiritualism Answered," by H. A. DALLAS.

THE SEALED DOCUMENTS OF JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

A COMMENTARY BY WAY OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

Mr. J. W. Sharpe, M.A., of Woodroffe, Bournemouth, and formerly Senior Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, is one of those not too common instances of a high degree of intellectual ability being combined with fine psychic powers. Mr. Sharpe has a gift of clairvoyance the reality of which he has frequently demonstrated to his friends. Recently his attention has been turned to the writings of Joanna Southcott, in connection with which certain visions have come to him, a brief account of which we are asked to present here for the information of those interested in the question. We do so in a strictly non-committal spirit.

Mr. Sharpe's account commences with a reference to a vision (on the 3rd of February last) of celestial beings whom he beheld while he was holding in his hand some booklets relating to Joanna and her mission. He writes:—

The Beings, standing in a ring in full robes, made me see the piling up of spiritual knowledge of the growth of the spiritual being of the future. This proceeded by "waves," not uniformly, and when it came to my mind that the millennium doctrine adumbrated the rise of a great wave they bowed in deep assent. They made me see a great flower like a peony ready to burst open, which it presently did. They gave me to know that the importance of Joanna Southcott's writings really lies in their *inner meaning*, and also that they come at a period of great transformation just when humanity is on the verge of a great forward wave of spiritual growth. Certainly I have never been in higher regions than those to which I came when testing Joanna's writings.

Later, Mr. Sharpe claims to have had a communication from Mr. W. T. Stead, who said that the opening of the box was an imperative necessity "as a first step to emancipation." Mr. Sharpe says that he had asked the question, "Do you know Joanna Southcott? Should she be listened to?" to which Mr. Stead replied, "Yes! Open the box. The new time is come. He is come, and men see Him not. The bars are being drawn on the debased ones for their good."

Then follows a description of further visions:—

March 18th, 1917.

. . . I saw Joanna Southcott yesterday morning. There was a faint show of her portrait, and then she became quite visible as a spirit. She was clothed in a light blue robe, was tall with a square, not large, head, and was standing opposite to me with a large book open on the wide soft back of a chair. . . . I now copy notes: She points to a passage, and then shuts the book up. She raises her right hand to the height of her face, fingers closed, palm facing me; left hand on the book. Now she closes her right hand, first finger pointing upwards, and then places that hand beside the other on the book. All this was quite different from what I had expected; and only in the evening did I discover the meaning. The three positions of the right hand meant Warning, Direction, Precept. Then she seats herself in the chair, the book being gone. . . . I now see behind her a long vista of spirits reaching away upwards to a great distance. They hold up a channel or conduit, as it were, of water—the Water of Truth. They stand sideways to me in two long ranks, one rank on each side of the conduit, which would hold one of their bodies conveniently, and is curved slightly over the top so as to prevent any of the "water" being lost. It slopes upwards at half a right angle, the lower end losing itself in Joanna's body and the light around her. Everything in this scene consists of a substance like light, white and comparatively dense near Joanna, excessively translucent and brilliantly bright at the upper end. She points the scene out to me. In the dim far distance, at the head of the channel, is seen a most brilliant light which sends out clear, piercing, diamond-like rays in all directions. Close to this blazing orb the brilliant and translucent light-substance seems to melt into unity with the great orb of pure light which I now perceive to be itself but faintly outlined within the surrounding infinity of pure light. The lower end is of the same substance and density as Joanna herself, she being engaged now in communicating with the mundane world, and therefore, for the moment, not within her normal celestial sphere. Now I see standing around her chair, and so in this world, three grave figures of men, and the conduit merges into their bodies as well as into Joanna seated in it. Now the chair melts (spiritually) into a seat of light, with a high arched back, deeply hollowed

towards the seat, and having no legs that I can see. Joanna has now become very shining and white, and so have the three men who, I perceive, are bearing up the legless chair in their hands. Joanna's feet now rest upon a globe of light of the colour of the harvest moon. They retire away upwards, and the scene closes.

I much wondered who these three men could be. A while afterwards I discovered that they were Righteousness (on Joanna's right), Peace (behind), and Truth (on her left).

This vision—a real scene, I take it—was entirely unsought for by me, every part a surprise to me, and quite beyond my powers of invention.

March 19th, 1917.

This morning I have seen a high being from the other world, who was Dante in this world. I asked: "What was the real purport of Joanna's coming into our history?" He replied:—

"She came to be a warning to you of the near approach of re-formation, of re-creation, of removal of outgrown hindrances to your race. Of re-formation, because all the forms of social life will be re-made; of re-creation, because the soul within these forms will be new wine, of being, of knowledge, of will and love; of removal, because the old must be taken away to free the growth of the new. This warning came, and comes, in her homely speech and in her homely thoughts, and in her warm-hearted words. She came for direction, pointing men back to righteousness and to the speaking of truth under the shadow of peace. She came for precept; from the records of the great book of the past shall man draw the rules of the future. Seek this much in her. You will find it, and find it abundantly, and let that suffice you all. I go."

March 28th, 1917. 10 a.m.

I find myself in the midst of a springing fountain of light, rays and drops of all colours. Around is darkness which melts away when the drops and rays invade it. Now there faces me a tall, grave, beneficent being, all of shining light, sometimes dense and white, sometimes perfectly translucent and clear. He raises his open hands, elbows at his sides, and from his eyes and the palms of his hands and also from the closed fingers, pour brilliant rays of light. The darkness has now all gone. From his head rise flames of brilliant light and now his whole body appears to be formed of blazing light, and he becomes a dimly outlined form in the boundless light of true being. Now a man appears, very dimly only. Now in front of me stands a winged being, in a long robe of full and graceful folds, the wings rising, each of them, in a magnificent arch; she (for I think the form is that of a woman) holds up a scroll in front of her. The hair is very thick in heavy folds and is gathered in the neck in a heavy roll. Underneath the light of it the colour is seen to be a dark brown. (I am pretty certain that this angel is Joanna in her natural form as a messenger.) Now the angel bursts into shining light, and upon the scroll there comes out the word "victory"; then comes on the scroll "truth," then "love" (each word disappearing before the next forms). The angel now becomes impressive and urgent in her manner, and leans towards me: "Let the box be opened at once." (I see a small model of it on the table before the angel.) "All is finished, all is done that the Lord, who is come, desires. Now let the box be opened. This paper is to be sent to our messenger among you."

THE UNCHANGING EGO.

The self is real, not a mere appearance of Reality. We, each in his direct experience of personal identity, are the absolutely and eternally real, albeit under finite conditions and limitations. We are substantives, nouns, pronouns; and what we mean by the self is real in the sense that it owns all its qualities, all its changing states and activities, as, so to speak, its adjectives. They may pass, it abides; they are always more or less changing, coming and going; but it remains ever the same, ever one with itself. It is not a flowing stream, nor a cluster, a "heap," a group, a collection, nor a series of ideas or psychical events. The past belongs to it as truly as the present, because in a very true, deep sense it is non-temporal, eternal. This unitary aspect of experience, this identity of the self, constituting the very basis and essential presupposition of all the activities of our intelligence, if we deny or ignore it, the world for us must lose its unity, its laws, its order, and its meaning; chaos and anarchy must everywhere prevail. For it is certain all the unities, all the categories and universals by which we lay hold of and interpret existence have their sole source and meaning in this primal experience and conviction each of us has of his own real, unchanging ego mid the flux of time.—"Religion and Reality," by J. H. TUCKWELL.

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF JULY 2ND, 1887.)

Last week I was invited by two friends to join them in sitting with an old gentleman who was reputed to have considerable mediumistic power. It was the first time that I had ever had the opportunity of sitting with anyone who was not a novice and inquirer like myself. I may remark here that for some days I had been debating in my mind whether I should get a copy of Leigh Hunt's "Comic Dramatists of the Restoration"—the question being whether the mental pollution arising from Messrs. Congreve, Wycherley & Co. would be compensated for by the picture of the manners and customs of those days to be gathered from their pages, and which I had particular reasons for wishing to be well up in. I had thought the matter over, but had dismissed it from my mind a day or two before the séance. On sitting, our medium came quickly under control, and delivered a trance address, containing much interesting and elevating matter. He then became clairvoyant, describing one or two scenes which we had no opportunity of testing. So far, the meeting had been very interesting, but not above the possibility of deception. We then proposed writing. The medium took up a pencil, and after a few convulsive movements he wrote a message to each of us. Mine ran: "This gentleman is a healer. Tell him from me not to read Leigh Hunt's book." Now, sir, I can swear that no one knew I had contemplated reading that book, and, moreover, it was no case of thought-reading, for I had never referred to the matter all day. I can only say that if I had had to devise a test message, I could not have hit upon one which was so absolutely inexplicable on any hypothesis except that held by Spiritualists. The message of one of my friends, referring to his own private affairs, was as startlingly correct as mine.

From a letter by Dr. (now Sir) A. CONAN DOYLE.

THE EMERGING REALITY.

Modern religion has no revelation and no founder; it is the privilege and possession of no coterie of disciples or exponents; it is appearing simultaneously round and about the world exactly as a crystallising substance appears here and there in a super-saturated solution. It is a process of truth, guided by the divinity in men. It needs no other guidance, and no protection. It needs nothing but freedom, free speech, and honest statement. Out of the most mixed and impure solutions a growing crystal is infallibly able to select its substance. The diamond arises bright, definite, and pure out of a dark matrix of structureless confusion. This metaphor of crystallisation is perhaps the best symbol of the advent and growth of the new understanding. It has no church, no authorities, no teachers, no orthodoxy. It does not even thrust and struggle among the other things; simply it grows clear. There will be no putting an end to it. It arrives inevitably, and it will continue to separate itself out from confusing ideas. It becomes, as it were, the Koh-i-noor; it is a Mountain of Light, growing and increasing. It is an all-pervading lucidity, a brightness and clearness. It has no head to smite, no body you can destroy; it overleaps all barriers; it breaks out in despite of every enclosure. It will compel all things to orient themselves to it. It comes, as the dawn comes, through whatever clouds and mists may be here or whatever smoke and curtains may be there. It comes as the day comes to the ships that put to sea. It is the Kingdom of God at hand.

—From "God the Invisible King," by H. G. WELLS.

THE STAR IN THE STORM.—Have you ever watched in the darkness of the night, when storm-clouds veiled the heavens, and the distant thunder rolled round through the heavy air; and as you watched, seeing no sky, no stars, suddenly the clouds were rent asunder, and in the violet depths there shone out the Star of Love shining undimmed and lustrous beyond the earth-born veil which had hidden it from earth's sad peoples? So, to those who know, shines in mid-heaven the Star which is the sign of the ever-presence of the King, and tells the earth that it is lying safely in the bosom of His Power, cradled in His Love. Lift up your eyes, brothers, now when clouds hang thick, and see His Star.—ANNIE BESANT.